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## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

### MEMOIRS OF THE LITERARY, ARTISTIC, AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

It has been suggested to the conductors of this Journal that a series of Memoirs illustrative of our Literary, Artistic, and Scientific Societies would not only be of great interest to the subscribers, but would also supply a want which has hitherto been felt by the members and supporters of those societies. We may fearlessly assert that in no country of the world does the social principle flourish to so great an extent as in England. Societies are formed for carrying out every possible object, and if those objects seem likely to be beneficial, the Societies are supported with an energy and a liberality quite unknown in other countries. For extending the benefits of Literature among all classes, for enlarging the empire of the Fine Arts, and for advancing the cause of the useful Sciences, Societies may be numbered everywhere in England, in the provinces as well as in the metropolis, by thousands rather than by units. From the Royal Societies, which are aided by the countenance of Royalty itself, and which include within their list of Fellows and Associates every name of celebrity in the land, down to the humblest Mechanics' Institution or district Philosophical Society, everywhere the same principle is to be found—everywhere we discover the operation of that kindly law which knits together men of the same tastes and the same pursuits by an indissoluble bond of union.

It is not a little strange that facts, so remarkable and so important as these undoubtedly are, should not have inspired some one with the idea of collecting the materials for a history of our Literary, Artistic, and Scientific Societies. It may be, however, that many have projected such a scheme, and have been subsequently deterred by meeting with unforeseen obstacles and difficulties uncalculated upon. To collect from all parts of the kingdom information, much of which must necessarily be of a private nature, is obviously not an easy task. Guided by these considerations, and deeply impressed with the value and importance of the undertaking, we have resolved to attempt it; and if our success shall be at all commensurate with our zeal, we doubt not to bring it to a happy conclusion.

It is our purpose to issue on the first of every month eight or four supplemental pages, according to the amount of matter in hand, arranged and printed so as to admit of separate binding. In carrying out the idea, it will be obviously impossible to give Memoirs of all the leading Societies in England; but the best and most useful will be selected, and by the time the work is concluded, it is hoped that no important Society will be left unnoticed. The Royal Societies will, of course, take precedence in the list; after which, selections will be made from the best Societies throughout the kingdom.

In preparing the Memoirs, something like the following plan will be adopted. A detailed history of the Society will be given, accompanied by such statistical information as may best illustrate its progress. An attempt will also be made to render the Memoirs readable as well as useful, by giving such anecdotes of the Founders, Fellows, and supporters of the various Societies as may seem pertinent.

Every effort will be made to render these Memoirs as full and complete as possible. It should also be now clearly stated, and thoroughly understood, that neither detraction nor puffery is contemplated, and that nothing will be admitted which does not come within the scope of a fair and legitimate Memoir. For this purpose, we cordially invite the co-operation of all whom it may concern, our subscribers, and the members and officials of the Societies; assuring both classes that every

description of assistance will be thankfully received and gratefully rendered available as far as possible.

The first number of the Memoirs will be issued with the CRITIC for January 1st. The Royal Society of Literature will naturally be the first on the list: to be followed by a Memoir of the Royal Academy.

### THE LITERARY WORLD :

#### ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE past fortnight has been a time of lecturing and speechifying, more than usually prolific of eloquent speech. First and foremost comes Mr. THACKERAY, delighting our good friends at Edinburgh, with a *réchauffée* of his American lectures on the Four Georges. When shall we have the pleasure of hearing our beloved "anointed ones" wittily abused within hail of "kingly Kensington?" Will Mr. THACKERAY really venture to pull GEORGE the FOURTH to pieces beneath the shadow of the Carlton Club? At any rate, he does not seem to have tried the loyalty of the good burghers of Edinburgh very sorely. Only once they kicked, and that was when he had something to say "anent" Queen MARY of Scotland, and made use of strong observations respecting that lady's amiable weakness for "blowing up" her husbands—a practice, which, it must be confessed, the universal sex has arrogated to itself as a privilege ever since. Some few hisses were aroused by this ungallant conduct of Mr. THACKERAY, but we are told that they were promptly repressed, and the lecture concluded amid "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." The third lecture of Mr. THACKERAY's series, delivered last Tuesday, brought him to the third GEORGE. Some passages in it are eloquent exceedingly.

History presents no sadder picture than that old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through his palace, haranguing imaginary parliaments and reviewing ghostly troops. He became utterly deaf too. All sight, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world, of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had, in one of which the Queen, desiring to see him, entered the room and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself on the harpsichord. When finished, he kneeled down and prayed aloud for her and for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself that God would avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, that He would give him resignation to submit to it. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled. What preacher need moralise on this story? What words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men—the monarch supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory.

So much for one side of the picture. Now for the other. Who would suppose that the humourist drew them from the same original:

He did not like Fox, Reynolds, Nelson, Chatham, nor Burke; he loved mediocrity; Benjamin West was his favourite painter, Beattie his favourite poet. He lamented in after life that his education had been neglected, that he was a dull lad brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors could have done little probably to expand that small intellect, though they might perhaps have improved his taste, and taught his perceptions more generosity. He admired as well as he could. To Hannah Lightfoot, the actress, he was said to have been married, although I never knew of any one who had seen the register; and there was laughing, black-haired Lady Sarah Lennox, who used to make hay at him on the lawn of Holland House, and who died in our own time, the mother of the heroic Napiers. He married the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—although it was said he winced a little when first he saw her—and for years they led one of the happiest and simplest of lives ever led by married couple. Their time was spent in the most regular manner. In the evening they would have a country dance, at which the king would dance for three hours to one tune, after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper. He was fond of music, and the theatre was always his delight. The smallest jokes would set him off laughing, and when the clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would roar and hulla-balloo so outrageously that the lovely princess at his side had to say, "My glorious monarch, do compose yourself;" and he continued to laugh as long as his little wits were left him.

We must plead guilty to some curiosity about these lectures of Mr. THACKERAY, and shall welcome the announcement of their delivery in the metropolis when it comes.

Another of the lecturers of the fortnight is the

BISHOP of OXFORD, who delivered a scholarly inaugural address for the benefit of the Literary, Scientific, and Mechanics' Institute at Reading. The subject chosen by the Bishop was "National Life: in what it consists; what are its products; what the responsibilities and duties which it entails"—an admirable subject, and no less admirably treated.

We cannot say quite so much for the lecture delivered by Lord RAVENSWORTH to the good ladies of Blaydon. The notion of delivering a jobation to an assembly of quietly disposed females, who had just disposed of an excellent tea, upon the horrible vices of infidelity and obscene swearing, has already excited too much ridicule to be dwelt upon at length. This good Lord RAVENSWORTH seems to have an ambition to tread in Lord SHAFTESBURY'S shoes; only he seems to lack two important qualifications, the brains and the tact.

Yet another lecturer is M. KOSSUTH, who is now travelling over England on his mission of agitation in favour of Italy and Hungary. In Manchester and its purlieus he has been "well received;" but we doubt whether that has not been more from liking to his personal character than sympathy with his cause. People are nowadays very glad to hear M. KOSSUTH'S lectures, and are content to marvel over a Hungarian who speaks such excellent English; but, as for political feeling, we have (as the saying is) "other fish to fry" than to take up M. KOSSUTH'S quarrels.

Through the generosity of one man England is enabled to preserve one of her proudest—perhaps it would not be too much to call it the *proudest* of her historical mementoes—the birthplace of SHAKSPEARE; but a correspondent informs us that Germany is apparently unable to collect 3000 dollars (about 450*l.*) for the purchase of SCHILLER'S house. Our correspondent adds that "it is to be hoped that the approaching anniversary of the birthday of the poet may arouse the rich members of the Schiller Union from their apathy and induce them to bring together their moderate sum, for which the property itself is fully adequate, and the quota to each member would be but a trifle when compared with their means."

Stirring times effervesce in the shape of popular ballads; and it is well known that the street literature of the day gives the best indications of the state of the popular heart. We cannot wonder therefore that the feverish excitement in the world of trade, caused by recent laxity of the commercial world, should have broken out into certain little manifestations of this description. Our attention has been called to a collection of satirical poems lately issued under the signature of "PLUTUS, JUNIOR," in which certain delinquents are freely castigated in a style which betrays greater zeal than elegance. Of course, the Royal British Bank comes first on the list:

No wonder, then, Macgregor should  
Thirst for the precious ore,  
Who wrote his cheques, in order good,  
For 'bove seven thousand more.

Meek Humphrey Brown, a member too,  
Did brother John persuade;  
Clean seventy thousand silek he drew  
To help the Carrying trade!

Though last not least, a Welshman, Gwynne,  
His greediness bespeaks,  
Takes thirteen thousand odd of "tin,"  
For toasted cheese and leeks.

The moral of the Bank is summed up in the following epigram:

Those who much to schemers trust  
Will rue their art—to Grab;  
A bank, too, sooner, later, must  
Wind up with—wholesale Knab!

In a subsequent part of the collection we find the "Sorrow of a New-blown Sheriff," in which a well-known civic magnate and agriculturist is thus characterised:

"Best knives are up, and so are my prime razors,"  
Loud cries John Mehl, Prince of Essex Graziers—  
Farmer, Banker, Director of Assurance,  
Whose toils and City honours past endurance,  
Cutler, Esquire, and Sheriff, not obscure, oh!  
Alderman and Lord Mayor in *futuro*!

We are perhaps a little too apt to laugh at the electioneering squibs and other political outbursts of our friends on the opposite side of the Atlantic; but we question very much whether they could produce better fustian than the foregoing.

Shortly it will become necessary to determine what the exact position of the critic is to be. One of the fraternity defined himself and confères to be "the police of literature;" and a weekly cotemporary adopts the definition by

choosing it for the motto of its literary department. But as the police of common life get sadly kicked at and mauled upon occasions by revengeful delinquents and spiteful evil-doers, so do the members of the literary police force receive severe handling from those who take exception to the manner in which they fulfil their office. Not very long ago, a recalcitrant actor startled the audience of a provincial town by using the stage for his pulpit, from whence to hurl his denunciations at the head of an unfriendly critic. This is certainly better than the American plan, which is to gouge, pistol, or slice the offending journalist. Before us lies another curious phase of the same spirit of retaliation. It appears that one of the "Westminster Reviewers" has handled a certain CAROLINE GIFFARD PHILLIPSON, the authoress of a book of poems entitled "Lonely Hours," with some severity; and the lady must even take her revenge by turning upon her castigator with a pamphlet of fifteen pages, full of invective and feminine scolding—strange, curious, and occasionally eloquent. The following description of the particular "Westminster Reviewer" will have a spice of humour for those who recognise the original; the "admirable Crichton," *par excellence*, of the press; the metaphysician, novelist, dramatist, critic, and natural philosopher—jack of all trades, and master of all.

And you—Westminster Reviewer!—Bard! Dramatist!—Actor! (that is, provincial actor), Biographer! Philosopher! Squire to "Knight"! Windmill of the hundred arms—poetic Briareus—which arms whirl for the astonishment and the alarm of other Quixotes, young in arms or pens—we being doubtless one, intent, Amazon-like, with long lance to pin, spindle-like, thy whirling upon thy wooden forehead! You, threatened with this demolition, so that no longer—mischievous literary windmill—with your cross of singing and swinging sails, you should scare—sheep, if nought else! Man, at once Trader and Teutonic. Man of the wild hair and the wilder eyes, whose coat flattereth, whose stride is long, whose rate of getting along is immeasurable. You, "Leader" of Longsteps! whether in politics or paganism. You, who know both Germany and the Strand (queer places both). You, domesticated alike in either—understood in neither—living in one or the other, with the difference, only, of strange travelling companions in the one, and stranger hats in the other. Man of the Many!—multiform, duodeciform, anything but uniform—I would a word with thee. It may do thee good.

And so on with whole pages of epithets:—"Grand incoherent! Harlequin of Literature!" and the like. Nor are critics in general much better treated, as the following paragraph will serve to show, in which, by the way, will be found a capital pendant to the definition "police of literature."

Critics—that is, bad critics—are as the drovers of literature. You may know them by their noise. They have their thongs, their rough sticks, and their wild outcry. Well-bred passengers are sure to get out of the way. How any people should submit themselves to the chance of this flagellation, it passes one's comprehension to divine. Individuals armed with whips, of that very narrow stipend usually allotted to those who drive flocks to market, and of the appropriate rudeness of manners, are, in the nature of things, not the most elegant of custodians of the lettered. There is a literary Smithfield as well as the City Smithfield. To the pens of the literary as well as the ordinary Smithfield, must the submissively bleating (or defyingly blatant) authors and authorlings be alike driven. The public hath its appetite, in its food literary, as in its food substantial. The most savage of the critical Butcherdom over-do their work in their haste to please their patrons—perhaps that is all!

But there are worse cases than this to be found in the current literature of the day. "Hawks should not pick out hawks' e'en" is a good old proverb, and Monsieur SCRIBE's admirable comedy should have taught such, at least, of our "gentlemen of the press" as are known to be more proficient in the literature of France than of England, that *cameraderie* is the only system upon which a craft can flourish. Yet we turn over the leaves of the last number of the *Train*, and, in Mr. R. BROUGH's novel of "Marston Lynch," hit upon some dashing sketches of the best-known theatrical critics of the London press. The critic of the *Times* is very mercifully dealt with—"He is a very strong man with a very big fist. He scorns to knock a little fellow down with it; and nothing pleases him so much as the chance of exercising his muscular palms by vigorously slapping a Titan on the shoulder." Next comes the critic of the *Morning Appetiser* (a more flattering sobriquet than the poor old *Tizer* is

generally in the habit of receiving): "He is a man without humour, full of bonhomie, animal spirits, and kindness, a capital scholar and logician, but utterly deficient in the Other Half of the intellect which CARLYLE considers necessary to make a perfect man. For him, MOLIERE, HOOD, and RABELAIS are mere buffoons and scoffers. He has written admirably on SHAKSPEARE; but he only tacks the master on his heroic side. The glorious 'carpenter's scenes' of clowns, fools, and toppers, I believe he would like to cut out altogether." So far, there is nothing very severe, though the knowledge of character displayed in the latter portrait seems to us (from private knowledge) to be miserably erroneous; but here comes a bolder flight. The name appended to next sketch in the gallery is that of SLIMEY, the critic to the *Illustrious Woodcutter*.

Old Slimey. And the turn of the notice is a safe indication that he has sent in a five-act tragedy in blank verse, which Toplin has not yet opened. As soon as Toplin has opened it—and sent it back, as he of course will—Slimey will begin abusing the Cork-street Theatre and everybody connected therewith, and continue to do so till he has another manuscript ready. Then he will begin to soften down in his tone, and, by the time the fifth act is stitched together, will be as civil as he is now. Slimey manages to write about three unactable tragedies per annum, and the tide of his favourable criticism ebbs and flows accordingly. . . . I can sympathise with the incapable as well as anybody. But Slimey's meanness is not confined to mere crawling. He has a sly little bottle of venom that he can uncork to oblige his patrons when occasion serves. He is a poor apothecary, if you please; but he will sell his poison to Tybalt, for purposes of assassination, as readily as to Romeo for those of suicide.

The last portrait of the collection is that of "Haypoth Dibbs," the editor of the *Asinaum*, whose origin and progress is thus set forth:—

A literary magnate, who is a wit and nothing else (but to be a wit is something)—who only lives by breathing toadyism—went down to Longport for change of his peculiar vital air. He presided at *soirees*, at grave lectures. He was flattered and fooled to the top of his bent. Haypoth Dibbs—then the mere outsider of the local press—the Triton among the Mechanics' Institute minnows that you knew him—having carefully tucked up his corduroys, prepared himself for a run, to accompany the triumphal car as long as it was in motion. Haypoth's wind was of the longest. He succeeded in forcing himself upon the great man's notice by the intolerable loudness of his shouts. To drop my Roman metaphor, and take up another, he fastened himself upon the unprotected lion, during the latter's stay in the North, and would not be shaken off. The lion was annoyed perhaps; but, with the tenacity of the flea, Haypoth combined the usefulness of the jackal—so he was tolerated. The lion returned to London, and on reaching his residence found Haypoth waiting for him on the doorstep (I have changed my metaphor again), wagging his tail, and with his head crouched abjectly between his fore paws. Such a very devoted cur could not be kicked into the street. The great man admitted the faithful animal to his already well-stocked kennel; and, finding that the creature could eat toads, fed him bountifully. Haypoth has since worn the great man's collar, and has indeed displayed all those qualities which we agree to consider noble in the dog, but which we call cur-like in man.

Now all this may be very smart and witty; but we put it seriously to Mr. BROUGH whether it does not tend to degrade in the eyes of the public the craft to which he himself belongs, and whether his curses, like CURRAN's doves, do not in some degree fly back upon himself.

Another gentleman who has been distinguishing himself in a small way by attacking the English press (we do not refer this time to LOUIS NAPOLEON) is M. IVAN GOLOVIN, who, in his new journal, *Russie*, has been presenting his readers with his views upon what he calls *Le Journalisme Anglais*. We subjoin a few choice specimens culled from this gentleman's collection, warning our readers that the facts are not to be taken for gospel.

The *Times* is the mavor (*le maire*) of the English journals and Mr. Walter is the higgwiz of it (*en est le gros bonnet*), the Dr. Veron, the Alpha and the Omega. He has twenty-four shares out of fifty, which were purchased at the price of 1000*l.* each, and are now worth 5000*l.* if they could be procured for that sum. It was his father who founded this great journal. There are three editors in chief, of whom two are constantly in attendance, by which means each of them gets a holiday every three days. . . . The *Morning Advertiser* is the journal of the *cabarets*, which are nothing like the *cafés* in France. It is the sovereignty of the people on a small scale. Nevertheless, it is the only journal besides the *Times* which

pays its expenses, although edited by geese—we should rather say by persons who drink nothing but brandy. . . . The *Globe* takes Lord Palmerston by the one hand and the *Times* by the other, whom it copies without scruple and without remorse. . . . There is no weekly journal of any political importance whatsoever. The *Sunday Times*, which has the largest circulation, is a sporting journal, edited by the manager of Drury Lane. . . . The *Athenaeum* is the most inoffensive of all the journals without opinion.

Again we warn our readers against pinning their faith too closely to M. GOLOVIN's facts upon journalism. Nor, indeed, can we attach much greater credit to his knowledge of natural history as developed in some curious speculations upon the ocean, extracted from his recent work on America, "Stars and Stripes." The ocean (says M. Golovin) is "generally 30,000,000 of feet deep"—in other words, 5687 miles! That is pretty well for one stretch; but even this scarcely equals his complaint against the Canada steamer for travelling at the rate of only eight knots per minute (*huit nœuds par minute*).

The journalistic world presents a few facts worthy of note. The cheap daily paper, the *Dial*, which we announced in this summary nearly a year back, is said to have completed its organisation, and is shortly to appear. Of the two great cheap papers now established in London, rumour declares that one is fast advancing towards success, whilst the other is retrograding into a failure—the success of the former being entirely attributable to the superior policy of engaging competent writers, and paying them adequately for their work.

The Gazette of the "Association for Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge" publishes an account of the present state of the body; from which it appears that the expenditure of the society exceeds its income by 237*l.* Among the items of expense we notice "legal expenses, 147*l.*" The committee declare, however, that an advance has been made to them from a certain quarter, and that they have no fear of being stopped "by want of the requisite funds."

Whilst all the world is indulging in a monument mania—SHAKSPEARE's house to be preserved at Stratford, LEWELLYN to have a monument in Wales, SCHILLER in Germany, and honour to be paid to HANDEL in his native town of Halle,—the admirers of the late Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH think that he ought not to be suffered to pass away quite out of recollection. As if the edition of HOBBS were not quite sufficient monument for one man, it is now insisted that the new bell at Westminster should be called "Big Ben" in honour of Sir WILLIAM, instead of "Big Ben" in honour of Sir BENJAMIN. Perhaps, however, the former appellation might give birth to too painful reminiscences in the minds of some of our Members of Parliament. At any rate, "Big Ben" is to be the sobriquet of the giant of melody, and the friends of Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH must seek for some other monument.

Mrs. H. B. STOWE has got into a scrape with the Canadians. It appears that her late visit to England was undertaken with the object of gaining an English copyright. Guided by a late decision of the House of Lords, Mrs. STOWE wrote the two last chapters of "Dred" in England, also a special preface for the benefit of the English public; conceiving that by so doing she would not only acquire a copyright in England, but also in our North American Colonies—a sore point always with the American authors. The Canadians, however, refuse to recognise this view of the law as correct, and reproduce her work at about one-third of its American price. They assert that they have a copyright law of their own, by which only can they be bound. For this and all such cases, we have but one remark for the Americans: Be honest, and consent to an international copyright. L.

OZONE.—M. Scouteten has lately brought out, in a work on ozone and its properties, the first distinct treatise on this interesting and debatable subject. The author believes ozone to be electrified oxygen, but retains the term ozone, because custom wills it. Among other opinions and facts given by M. Scouteten, the following deserve mention:—Ozone is the most powerful oxidating agent known. It is not developed in crowded and filthy localities. It is developed freely on mountain heights, over water, and wherever vegetation is luxuriant. The most common chemical agent in preventing the action of the ozonimeter is ammonia. An excess of ozone in the atmosphere is a cause of catarrh, bronchitis, pneumonia, and other diseases of the hyperinotic type.—*Medical Times and Gazette*.



## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## HISTORY.

*On the State of Society in France, before the Revolution of 1789, and on the Causes which led to that Event.* By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated by HENRY REEVE. London: John Murray.

It is difficult to say anything new about the first French Revolution; for no historical subject has been apparently so thoroughly sifted and so completely exhausted. Only sixty-seven years as yet separate us from its outbreak; but how many years, or probably centuries, separate us from its rounded sequel, it is impossible either to conjecture or to imagine. For the same causes which led to 1789, to 1793, to the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration, have led subsequently to the Revolution of 1830, to the Republic of 1848, and to the Empire of 1852. Will the cycle never cease to run? Is France still to pass from anarchy to despotism, and from despotism back to anarchy, and find no permanent intermediate resting-place? It would seem so, so far as the past and the present combine to interpret for us the future.

If this be so, it follows that an inquiry into the nature and causes of the first French Revolution is no merely speculative investigation; but that, on the contrary, it can scarcely be pushed too far, while there is reason to suppose that new light may issue from new research. In the highest degree it is practical, so far as international politics are practical, and so far as the fate of a great neighbouring nation is bound up, as in a great measure it is, indissolubly with our own. *Nam tua res agitur paries quum proximus ardet.* Equally to the philosopher and the statesman its interest and importance are inexhaustible. The French Revolution has become the centre of modern history as the Peloponnesian war is the centre of ancient history. All prior and subsequent events in the moral and social chronicles of the world converge to, or diverge from, each catastrophe. But the nations are still unborn, who will have to date the regeneration or the decay of all society from the principles which found their first full expression in the first French Revolution.

It is, therefore, no work of supererogation when a thoroughly learned, earnest, and, on the whole, impartial man, such as M. de Tocqueville, comes forward, seemingly at the eleventh hour, to tell not a twice-told, but a fifty-times-told tale. On the contrary, the philosophy of the tale will probably henceforward require to be told again and again during the coming centuries; for in its nature it is inductive, and, as new facts and new experiences come to light, it will require to be modified, and perhaps wholly reconstructed, like other inductive sciences, such as chemistry and geology. M. de Tocqueville is a scholar, a philosopher, and, above all, an honest man. Such are his first titles to our attention. He has also the prestige of belonging to that illustrious Academy or Institute, the fame of which is bounded only by the world's limits. It is worth while to hear what such a man has to say on such a subject.

Yet, let us not be misled by the prestige of a character, however high and cultivated, still less by the adjunct of a degree. M. de Tocqueville must stand or fall by his own merits; and we are confident that he asks no better fate.

Let it be noticed then, even from the first, that, although we are dealing with an able and independent thinker, we are dealing also with a man of warm and even fiery impulses—a man in whose mouth and on whose pen are phrases which half a century of sad experience has made less sanguine men distrust and even repudiate. It was, it is, it ever will be, a grand dream that all men are equal—that they are naturally free as the winds, and fraternal as the blossoms of one stem. The burning rhetoric of Rousseau remains still unanswered; but what shall we say of its practical adaptability when we think of those who died for it, exclaiming, "Oh Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" If men are perfect, as the doctrine assumes, why this practical refutation? If they are, as experience teaches us, not only imperfect, but irremediably one-sided and selfish, why are we asked to legislate for them as for angels or gods?

The first doctrine, therefore, which we have to

discuss with M. de Tocqueville is virtually that of optimism. He sings how it came to pass that men who ought to have governed themselves came to be governed by despots in the nineteenth century; in short, although in this respect he only shadows forth his moral, how France under Napoleon III. is substantially France as it was under Louis XV. The parallel, it is true, is not stated; but the allusions are unmistakably plain.

Therefore his whole subject lies in the mystery of centralisation. The empire of the Bonapartes is the ante-revolutionary France of 1770. Names have been changed, institutions varied, ideas modified, but the great and undeniable fact is, that fundamentally all things are still the same. Only a tottering aristocracy has been swept away, and in its place lies only a vast gap between the nominal equality of the people and the absolute supremacy of the prince. *Hinc ille lachrymæ.* Hence M. de Tocqueville traces the pernicious beginning and destructive catastrophe.

ἵσται δ' ὅσην οὖν  
ἵσται τελευτῶν δ' ἐν τοῖς περὶ αὐτὸν  
ἀλλήλων, ἀλλήλων ἵσται, ἐν δ' οὗτο κατὰ.

It is singular to notice how, in this keynote of his theme, he follows, apparently unconsciously, the recent ideas of M. de Montalembert; and how both revive the prophetic vein which, nearly two thousand years since, inspired Cicero's "De Republica," and which is familiar to all students of English constitutional history. Striking proof of this fact appears in M. de Tocqueville's constant citation of Blackstone—the orthodox, the respectable, but somewhat obsolete Blackstone. It is the pride of this school to see realised in the English constitution all that Aristotle dreamed in his Politics—all that the Ciceronian Scipio sighed for in the eloquent fragments of the greatest Roman's work—all that France has aimed at since the Anglo-mania of the eighteenth century—all that she has since tried vainly to achieve. Why has the English constitution stood, asks M. de Montalembert? Because, he exclaims with Lord John Manners, because she has "preserved her old nobility." Why has France for the last sixty years alternately hurried from the Scylla of anarchy to the Charybdis of despotism? Because, says M. de Tocqueville, Louis XI. and Richelieu sapped the old French aristocracy; because Louis XIV. converted them into grooms and ushers in waiting; because his successor left them such; and because the unlucky Louis XVI. knew not how to re-establish them.

We accept the explanation. Abstractedly it is reasonable, and positively it is true. But let us carefully mark the confines of its reasonableness and truth. If there be such a thing as an equilibrium of classes and constitutional powers, surely the theory of the British constitution is the sound one. Surely also there is a greater amount of personal liberty under such a constitution than under any other; and provided it will work, and this is the problem, let it be the pattern for the world. But the great practical difficulty in such a constitution is one which even Rome could not overcome, which France has utterly failed to overcome, and which England has very uncertainly overcome. The constitutional history of England, as opposed to the theory of the English constitution, gives us first a supreme feudal lord exercising doubtful sway over inferior feudal lords—in short, a king and an aristocracy, but as yet no people. This is the history of England from 1066-1640. An abortive revolutionary episode between the latter date and 1660 brings us to a restoration of the old regime—a regime which the revolution of 1688 modified only to the extent of substituting the supremacy of an aristocracy for the prior supremacy of a king. In 1832, after numerous futile struggles to come into existence, the people became in fact, as they had long been in name, an actual and powerful element in the constitution. As in 1688 the King became extinguished in the Lords, so it would seem that in 1832 the Lords became extinguished in the Commons. But the latter appearance is clearly fallacious, and, so far as cotemporary eyesight is available, an aristocracy of wealth and rank until recently has governed England, as a similar aristocracy governed Rome before the civil wars which preceded the reign of the first Cæsar.

This, then, is our government, doubtless a wise and a good one, and on the whole securing, as all the writers downwards from De Comines and Montesquieu to the present days of M. de Montalembert and M. de Tocqueville contend, the greatest amount of civil liberty which is compatible with the preservation of civil order. But let us not be deceived by names. Such a constitution is not a bascule of King, Lords, and Commons; and it is as far removed from a republic as it is from a despotism. So felt the Roman millions when they sought for refuge from a covetous and selfish aristocracy in the supremacy of one man. So have felt the French since the last head of the last aristocrat fell on the guillotine. Neither in Rome nor in France was there, nor has there been, any trace of a popular oligarchical reaction. The oligarchs who murdered Cæsar were hooted from Rome, and never had a subsequent existence. The bitter satire of Juvenal and Tacitus broods on their degradation, but nowhere holds out their regeneration as the resuscitation of the Republic. So, in France, the hatred not only of the people but of the middle classes for the old aristocracy has survived, without interruption, two republics, one legitimist restoration, one constitutional monarchy à l'Anglaise, and two despotisms. In one of Charles de Bernard's lively novels ("Un Homme Sérieux") the intense hatred of the old roturier for the nobleman of the old regime is painted to the life as it was under Louis-Philippe. It is far from improbable that M. de Montalembert and M. de Tocqueville are right in their views, and that without an aristocracy there can be no permanent civil liberty. But it is certain that these views are confined to members of the privileged class, and that it has been hitherto found impossible to popularise them among the French nation. It would seem that that nation has definitely adopted the maxim of antiquity,

οὐκ ἄγαθον πολυκρατία· εἰς πόλιν οὐκ ἔστιν

and that they hold the despotism of one to be preferable to the collective supremacy of a few.

Have they not had cause for this sentiment? Was not this very aristocracy tried, borne with, and found wanting only after the patient trial of many centuries? Did it ever learn wisdom from affliction, or charity and civil philanthropy from popular sufferings? Let those who think so retrace with M. de Tocqueville the iniquitous imposition of the taille; notice how the whole weight of taxation was shifted from the consuming to the producing classes—how feudal exactions, which had been carefully discarded by the wealthy landed proprietors, were as carefully fixed in an augmented form on the small landholders and peasantry. Let them remember how it was contamination for the noble, not merely to intermarry, but to associate with or observe common justice or common civility towards the roturier and bourgeois. If the middle classes deserted the aristocracy in the first terrible Revolution, and have never since tolerated their re-establishment, such an ineradicable antipathy and distrust lie based on no fantastic or morbid grounds. France, since 1789, has sought that which even England is only slowly obtaining. She has sought municipal local self-government, and, having failed to obtain it in its pure and disintegrated form, she has been content to receive it in that which appears to be as yet its only practical form—centralisation. And here let it be noticed how minute are the existing differences between the actual English constitution and the actual French constitution. On the banks of the Thames a versatile and popular demagogue has been borne to power by the national suffrages, and rules with the aid of other deserters from the ranks of the feudal aristocracy. This is not well if M. de Tocqueville be right. On the contrary, a Peelite administration and an unreformed House of Commons is our want. On the banks of the Seine a similar demagogue has been raised to somewhat higher and less disguised supremacy; and, like the first, dates his patent of dominion from the national will. In both countries a central Government directs the affairs of each empire by means of officers in the nature of viceroys or prefects; but the details of provincial government are left to local authorities. The same unity of purpose and will is seen throughout:

in one country retarded by the inherent delays of representative Government: in the other, executed as soon as conceived by the promptness of one clear supreme mind. M. de Tocqueville states, as the great grievance of despotic centralisation, the delays which arise from the necessity of a constant reference to the central authority. It is a great evil; but not less felt under the representative form of centralisation, where the reference must be double—first to the central legislature, and secondly to the central executive.

The great problem is, therefore, even according to M. de Tocqueville, what form of government will give the greatest amount of local self-government. It is clear that there must be everywhere a central legislature and a central executive, to take care that the interests of the community be not sacrificed to those of its sections. With this restriction, which even M. de Tocqueville must allow, although he directs no attention to the truism, it is manifest that local self-legislation and self-government are the ends of all good government. Then how are these ends to be attained? If M. de Tocqueville is to be trusted, clearly by a return to those feudal laws which he extols, and by a repudiation of that Roman law which he detests as the instrument of despotism. In a word, he says virtually, Decentralise your institutions and leave everything to your provincial nobility. Alas! the experiment has been tried so long, and failed so sadly, that it is somewhat hard and late in the day to ask France to try it again. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Have we emerged from feudalism only to recognise the necessity of returning to it? Have we with painful difficulty made the aristocratic element of representative government inferior to the democratic element, only to restore and exemplify the perennial law of oligarchical dominion? If so, let us burn our Reform Bill, and adopt, not the popular sham of a democratic constitution as it existed in England before 1832, but an honest provincial feudalism such as it was under the Plantagenets. But let such a constitution wear its true colours; let provinces and parishes be subdivided into clans with local chiefs; but never dream of assuming the sacred titles of republics or constitutional monarchies. We know, even as the Persians of Herodotus knew, that practically there are three and only three forms of political government—despotism, oligarchy, democracy. You may blend all in name, but the nature of things refuses to blend them in reality. In every age of even the English constitution one, and only one, element has been supreme at a time—first, oligarchy; secondly, despotism; then oligarchy again; lastly, democracy. Such has been the course of our constitutional history; such it still is, subject to all the uncertain ebb and flow of such a mixed constitution. So doubtful is the fusibility of the elements, that even the keenest statesmen have failed to see an epoch of their amalgamation. But in France the nature of the people and its experiences have made such a theoretic fusibility hopelessly Utopian.

We have discussed M. de Tocqueville's main argument, and would fain treat of others, interesting although less important. But our limits forbid. In a striking degree his book is valuable as pointing out the singular political resemblance and government of ante-revolutionary France and imperial France. He explodes many popular prejudices—especially the common belief that the subdivision of lands among families and small proprietors dates from the first revolution; while the fact is that it was that subdivision which, by making the glaring inequality between the burdens of the large and small landed proprietor visible and felt, became a chief cause of the outbreak against the nobility and the king. He shows how the relative isolation of the aristocratic and democratic classes led to the most destructive antipathy; how the abuses and hypocrisy of the Church made all religion generally hateful; how the philosophers urged on the movement; how even the nobility fatuously aided the people to discover the enormous and disproportioned advantages of the former; and how Louis XVI. exemplified the sad law that the reforming fire of long-standing iniquities is naturally overwhelmed by the ruins of the building which he seeks to improve and reconstruct. None of these topics are new; and they are made subsidiary to a theory which the popular sense of the French nation, as apparent in their actions, justifies us in affirming to be unproved and unsound. But enough remains to entitle this book to the most

distinguished consideration, as the thoughtful production of a learned and able man. The present translator has executed his work very creditably; and we recommend it heartily and confidently to every one.

PHILO.

*The Students' Hand-book of Mediæval History.* By ISAIAH M'BURNEY, B.A. (London and Glasgow: R. Griffin and Co.).—This is another of the valuable series of historical handbooks issued by the Messrs. Griffin. The arrangement is chronological, and the period comprised extends from the fall of the Western Empire to the close of the fifteenth century. Some excellent dissertations on the State of Europe and on the Feudal System, by Colonel Procter, are prefixed.

## RELIGION.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Milner refuted; or, Pious Frauds exemplified in Dr. Milner's "End of Religious Controversy;" being a series of original, selected, and contributed articles, exposing Dr. Milner's fallacies and fictions.* Edited by CHARLES HASTINGS COLLETTE (London: W. Penny).—Dr. Milner was, perhaps, the ablest of all the English advocates of the Papacy from the Reformation downwards. His "End of Controversy" is superior to anything that either Cardinal Wiseman or Father Newman have written upon the subject. It is both learned and plausible, and is considered by the heads of the Roman Catholic Church in England as the one book best suited to be put into the hands of such Protestants as they know to be trembling upon the brink of Romanism. It has, we know, deluded many of these into taking the fatal plunge. And yet it is, after all, such a work as cannot stand the sifting of honest criticism. Its pretensions have been often exposed, but by none more ably or completely than by Mr. Collette in his present publication. He has embodied in it whatever he considered of most importance in the works of Dr. Grier, Dr. Jarvis, Bishop Hopkins, Mr. McGavin, and others, adding much that he discovered by his own independent investigation. The result is a full exposure of those "pious frauds" of which Dr. Milner has been guilty, in common with so many of the champions of Romanism—frauds which, if practised for any other purpose save that of exalting the creed of which they are members, would brand their authors with lasting infamy. What, for instance, can be thought of a writer who, in quoting from one of the ancient Fathers, does it in this fashion?—"The passages alluded to, which are of considerable length, are given in Letter X., pp. 132-33, as two distinct portions of Tertullian's work. The reference to the first is thus marked: 'Præscrip. advers. Hæres. edit. Rheman. pp. 36, 37'; the reference to the second, 'Ibid. 36, 37'; 'pp. 36, 37,' is evidently a misprint for cap. or sect. 36, 37. The treatise itself is also miscalled. But, instead of the two extracts being found in chapters 36, 37 or in any other chapters of the 'De Præscript. Hæret.' in the consecutive form in which Dr. Milner has chosen to exhibit them, the reader will be surprised to learn that they are ingenious pieces of patchwork, made up of detached sentences, forcibly torn from their context, out of no less than seven different chapters, some of them pretty distant from each other—namely, out of ch. 13, 16, 19, 31, 32, 36, 37. The rendering is as unfaithful as this dislocation is unwarrantable; and the sentences are so artfully dovetailed into each other as to present the appearance of a connected set of propositions, which produce a conclusion at perfect variance with the general bearing of Tertullian's argument!" Our readers must take this as a specimen—*unum pro multis*—of the frauds exposed by Mr. Collette. "Really," as the venerable Mr. Mendham once said, "these Papal writers require to be watched at every step, and to be suspected till they can verify their affidavits, like a felon or a swindler." Before dismissing Mr. Collette's work we must observe that it was not undertaken as a pecuniary speculation. Still the writer reasonably expects that, while he contributes his time, others will contribute their subscriptions, so as to ensure him against pecuniary loss. We are happy to learn that the success of the work hitherto has been such as to encourage Mr. Collette "in the task of preparing a supplementary volume,—Dr. Milner's work presenting ample material."

In *Danielism; or, the Development of the Religion of the "Son of Man" for the Western Nations, which is to supersede and to supplant the traditions of Eastern Origin, &c.* By the Unraveller (London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—We have the usual amount of rhodomontade, and rather more than the usual amount of self-confidence, shown by our modern *soidisant* Apocalyptic interpreters. Hear the Unraveller:—"Without desiring to draw on the credulity of those into whose hands these pages may fall, he must be permitted to assert that to his pen has been mysteriously confided 'by Him who revealeth secrets,' a power of unravelment, of the possession of which the reader is competent to form a judgment. The course of events which Daniel had the power mysteriously to announce, the Unraveller has the power plainly to

unravel; and, as his unravelment is true, and in the act of fulfilment, any opposition to its complete development must be vain." While we call upon our readers to admire the modesty of the man, we dare not thrust upon them any of his unravelments.

*The Watchman's Warning to the Churches: a fearful view of those rapid ministerial declensions from the truth, and the wide spread of Arminian, Pelagian, and Socinian Heresies.* By VERITAS (London: Collingridge).—is a sort of threnodia upon the decline of hyper-Calvinism among the Independents and Baptists. Some of the most celebrated of the ministers of these two denominations are roundly taken to task by the writer for what he calls their "declension from the sacred truths and doctrines of the everlasting Gospel." Messrs. Lynch, Jenkyn, Hinton, and Binney, are the individuals specially selected for the pouring out of his vials of wrath.

Mr. Binney has been made the subject of attack also in *This World or the Next? The possibility of making the best of both worlds questioned and answered.* By the Rev. W. CLARKSON, Ipswich. (London: Simpkin and Co.).—Mr. Clarkson has subjected the well-known work of Mr. Binney to a careful analysis. To the question, "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" he says, "We would answer it in the most comprehensive way. If the terms, best of this world, are used in the worldly sense, we answer, No; if they be used in the purely Christian sense, we answer, Yes." Mr. Binney, he considers, gives too great a latitude to those who would at the same time serve both God and mammon—"sanctioning worldly pursuits and ends, bringing down high spirituality and secularising the soul."

In religious fiction we have *The Fisherman* (London: Wertheim and Macintosh)—a little tale about a Welsh fisherman, illustrating the value of time; and *Benoni; or, the Triumph of Christianity over Judaism.* By the Rev. Dr. BARTH. From the German, by SAMUEL JACKSON, Esq. (London: Wertheim and Macintosh).—The latter is a tale of considerable interest, and one which sheds much light upon the principles and practices of modern Judaism.—*Leonard the Lion-heart.* By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Railroad Children," &c. (London: Mozley).—is a child's story, rather moral than religious, but simple and graceful, like the other productions of its gifted authoress.

*A Vindication of the Organ. A Review of the Rev. Dr. Candlish's publication entitled "The Organ Question."* By the Rev. ALEXANDER CROMAR, M.A., Minister of St. George's Presbyterian Church, Liverpool (Edinburgh: A. and C. Black).—The propriety of the use of the organ in public worship is such a question as we Southrons would never think of discussing. In religious matters, however, the Scotch have generally a way of asking "What did John Knox say?" or, "What would he have said?" But then a greater than Knox said, "Let all things be done decently and in order;" and until Dr. Candlish can show that the use of the organ is either an indecent or disorderly auxiliary in the practice of congregational psalmody, we by all means advise our Presbyterian friends to show their usual common sense in the matter, without being scared by the authority of great names, whether of the living or dead. This we say, although Episcopalians, without prejudice or favour.

## SCIENCE.

*Animal Magnetism and Somnambulism.* By the Somnambule ADOLPHE DIDIER. London: Newby.

ANIMAL magnetism has reached the second stage of science; everybody admits now that there is something in it. In its first stage it was called a falsehood and an imposture.

It is now the duty of scientific minds to study it with purpose to discover what that something is; and inquiry will be assisted by collecting evidence of facts from all quarters. To this end M. Didier's little volume will render valuable assistance.

Not that he can tell us much of his own knowledge. He is a somnambulist; and mesmerism is only somnambulism artificially produced. He does not remember, when awake, anything that passed in his sleep. He cannot therefore inform us that which we should most like to know, how he perceives when his eyes are closed or blinded. Is it by the sense of sight, or by some sense that operates only in certain states of the brain? Is it simple consciousness, as when we feel that a thing is so and so, without knowing why we so feel; or is the object present to the mind's eye? That the mind can, in a certain condition of the brain, when the will is paralysed, obtain this knowledge of external objects by some other medium than the senses will not be denied by those who have witnessed the experiments that have been tried with artificial somnambules, or who believe the evidence that is recorded so abundantly of natural somnambules. But what is this faculty? That is the question to be



solved. Man does not possess it alone. The dog, the cat, the carrier pigeon, who will go straight to their homes though miles away in a strange country, must possess the like power of perception by some other medium than the eye or ear. Whatever that sense is, we believe to be the sense by which somnambules perceive though their senses are shut up.

Adolphe Didier was not an impostor—that is certain. We saw him tested by a large party of scientific men met for the very purpose of detecting him, and who were satisfied of his honesty, and that he had the power he professed. We saw him play cards with one of the party, his eyes being trebly blinded, naming every card before it was turned, and the packs being purposely brought by the inspectors, in order to prevent any possible trickery. We saw him read a sentence, which, by direction of the detectors, one of them had caused a friend to prepare, and sealed in four cases of cartridge-paper, it being previously agreed that the contents should not be known to anybody in the room, not even to the person who brought it. No possible stretch of the doctrine of chances could explain the discovery of four words thus hidden from human sight. He has now published a small volume detailing his experiences, but chiefly to show the uses of somnambulism in the art of healing. As to this we can give no opinion, having seen nothing of it; but, knowing that he has been truthful in other things not less extraordinary, it would be unjust to refuse credit to him in this, although, being incapable of a test, it is, of course, more open to imposture.

He begins with a theory of animal magnetism, resorting to the old explanation of a subtle fluid. It would be much better not to theorise about it at all, but to collect facts. Enough to ascertain first what of it is true; it will be for subsequent labours to classify the facts, and deduce from them the conclusions to which they point. Science should always begin with experiment, and end with theory; yet the way of the world and the folly of philosophers is to reverse the process, and to build theories first and then look for facts; and this inverse process has the great objection, that it offers such temptation to mould the facts to the theory. This is visible even in the volume before us.

Hence the facts recorded here must all be read with some relation to the theory, and accepted accordingly; but this does not affect their substantial worth, and should lead those who desire sincerely to learn what is the very truth, to investigate for themselves, use their own eyes and understandings, and, without prejudice for or against, to try the experiments under circumstances which make imposture impossible, in their own homes, with their own families and friends. Thus they will ascertain how much to believe and what to reject, and, having measured the truth, they will be in a condition to frame some theory in accordance with the truths they have witnessed. In such experiments M. Didier's volume will be found of great assistance.

*A Manual of the Sea Anemones commonly found on the English Coast.* By the Rev. GEORGE TUGWELL. London: John Van Voorst. 1856.

AMONG the numerous works which the prevailing passion for the study of marine zoology has given birth to, this beautiful volume, produced as it is in Mr. Van Voorst's best style, may deservedly take a high rank. What with the aqua-vivarium exhibited by the Zoological Society in Regent's Park, and the attractive works of Mr. Gosse and the Rev. Charles Kingsley, the study of these charming "flowers of the sea" is now becoming very general; and among the elegant tastes which modern science has suggested to inquiring minds, the aquarium is now quite as popular as the microscope or the stereoscopic lens. Mr. Tugwell's volume is a monograph of the sea-anemones, which are divided by Mr. Gosse into three genera, *Actinia*, *Bunodes*, and *Sagartia*. The descriptions are given in plain, intelligible language, without any of that mysterious phraseology which some people mistake for science. The illustrations representing some of the rarer and more beautiful species are in themselves exquisite specimens of colour-printing.

*The Aquarium, fresh and otherwise.* By E. LANKESTER, M.D. London: R. Hardwicke.

THIS is a more general book than Mr. Tugwell's, although upon a kindred subject. It is an excellent little handbook for the management of aquaria, marine and fresh, and gives the fullest information as to the form and arrangement of the tanks, the plants most fit to grow, and the animals best suited to salt and fresh water respectively.

*Elements of the Economy of Nature.* By J. G. MACVICAR, D.D. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE first edition of this remarkable essay upon the theory of molecules made a great sensation when it was issued in 1830, and scientific men will be glad to hear that a second and enlarged edition is now within their reach. In the Preface to this new edition an apology is made for the apparently presumptuous title of the work, which enlarged experience would lead its author now to change, but which the existence of a first edition renders necessary. The essay is intended as an indication of the most feasible modes of research rather than a complete exposition of the natural laws with respect to organic tissues. The diagrams of the various atomic forms are well designed.

*Proceedings of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, 1855-56.*—The report for the past year shows an increase of prosperity in the affairs of this respectable and long-established society, which now includes 148 ordinary, and 45 corresponding members. Some of the papers given in the present volume of *Proceedings* are of great interest, especially a paper "On the Cultivation of Mosses," by the Rev. H. H. Higgins, and "Notes on a Dredging Excursion to the North Cape," by Robert M'Andrew, Esq., the President of the Society. There is also a valuable paper "On the Sub-Division of the New Red Sandstone between the River Dee and the Up-throw of the Coal Measures East of Liverpool," by G. H. Morton, Esq.

*The Five Gateways of Knowledge.* By George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E. (Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.)—An interesting and instructive essay on the five senses, considered, not only anatomically, but with reference to the inner life of man. As a means to teach the young the meaning of the great truth that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," this essay will be of great value.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Modern Greece: a Narrative of a Residence and Travels in that Country.* By HENRY M. BAIRD, M.A. New York: Harper and Brothers. London: Sampson Low and Son, Ludgate-hill.

MODERN authors of voyages and travels may be classified generally under three separate heads. First, there is the man who takes a wide and comprehensive view of his subject—whose glance, while it dwells on the more prominent beauties of the landscape, leaves not unnoticed the minutest accessories of the picture, and, while his sense of vision is revelling in the enjoyment of the grandeur and loveliness of the world without, feels at the same time how greatly the pleasure of the moment is enhanced by the light of poetry and the warm glow of imagination within. Such a man will not merely give a faithful and accurate record of what he has seen and heard, but he will do something more and far better than this. With the skill of a quick and impressionable nature, he will at the outset establish a living bond of sympathy between himself and us. We shall, as it were, see with his eyes and hear with his ears—he will not alone present us with a correct *drawing*, but with a *vivid picture*, bright with the fresh colours of truth and nature, and relieved and softened with the delicate tints of a refined fancy and cultivated taste. Such an author as this, will show us the possibility of uniting masculine sound sense to a warm and active imagination—his very versatility will prove his power—and language in his hands will become as potent an instrument as the magician's wand was in his—times, scenes, and persons will rise before us as in the fabled mirror of the seer, and return and live once more. Were we to point out the writer who to our mind comes nearest to this type, we would name at once the gifted and brilliant author of "Eöthen."

Next to this class, *sed longo intervallo*, comes the man of cold unimpassioned temperament, who sees clearly, judges accurately, and narrates faithfully. No fear with him of imagination running riot, or intruding on the domain of severe and cautious reason. The wings of fancy never disturb with their light flutter his sober judgment. He plods along the road prescribed for him; he has what he deems a certain duty to be performed, and he executes it most conscientiously. If we have compared the first class of travellers to the accomplished painter, this kind of man we may liken to the engraver. Every line of the original picture is faithfully copied, but all the glow of colour which gave such life and beauty to the artist's master-piece is wanting, and we gaze on the coldly accurate engraving with feelings far different to those which warmed us into enthusiasm when we first beheld the brilliant painting. It is difficult to select from

living authors any one in particular as a type of this class, for their number is legion.

The writers of the third class are in the world of literature what John Leech is in the world of art. Clever sketchers are they of life and character under one particular aspect. They do not seek to penetrate beneath the surface of things; they are content to portray the humours and follies of the hour in the strongest light they can: they do not seek ostensibly to make us wiser or better: their avowed object is to amuse, and if we are taught anything as well, it is somewhat after the fashion of the court jesters of old; disguising a solemn lesson in the sportive language of mirth and wit. Perhaps Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, in his "Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo," is as good an illustration of this class of authors as any we could possibly select.

Now, having carefully read Mr. Baird's narrative of his travels in Greece, from beginning to end, we are bound to say he is as far removed from the last-mentioned type of writers as he is from the first. He is a good average specimen of the middle class of authors, evidently not endowed with much fancy or gifted with a warm imagination, and never, under any circumstances, led away by enthusiasm or impulse. He seems a man of cool temperament, a quiet sober reasoner, and one who may be safely trusted in all the information he gives us, whether social, political, or religious. But beyond this praise we cannot go. There is a want of animation in the style, and an absence of life in his descriptions, that together make Mr. Baird's book a complete contrast to the vivid "word paintings" with which during the last two years Mr. Russell, of the *Times* (for instance), has so greatly astonished and charmed a world of readers.

Mr. Baird is an American gentleman who came to Europe in 1851, as we gather from his book, and made Greece his chief residence and study. He passed twelve months at Athens for the prosecution of special studies, and travelled chiefly in Northern Greece and the Peloponnesus, making Athens his head-quarters and the principal starting-point for nearly all his excursions. The first ten chapters of Mr. Baird's volume are devoted by him to a description of his first sight of the coast of Attica, his impressions on entering the streets of modern Athens, an elaborate account of the Acropolis and the antiquities of the lower town, the walks and suburbs, and the result of his inquiries into the social, political, and religious condition of the various classes of the people.

We propose, in this notice, confining ourselves principally to the last-mentioned division of subjects. The descriptive powers of Mr. Baird are not, as we have said, very remarkable; and a mere archaeological account of Grecian ruins and antiquarian remains would not be very acceptable to our readers. On these points, as far as we have been able to ascertain by a comparison with preceding writers, Mr. Baird tells us little, if at all, more than Dr. Holland, Mr. Haygarth, or Dr. Clarke did half a century or so ago. But the social and educational aspects of modern Greece present many features of extreme interest, and it is in the investigation of such subjects and other kindred points of inquiry that Mr. Baird's cautious spirit and calm accurate judgment are found to be of especial value. Let us first, then, take a brief view of the student-life of Athens.

An impression certainly prevails that education and literature in Modern Greece are at a very low ebb; and that the people, as a nation, are among the most illiterate in Europe. Whatever reason existed some twenty or thirty years past for this opinion does not hold good now. Mr. Baird tells us that he found that the University of Otho, at Athens, numbers at least as many students, and twice as large a body of professors, as the greatest of the United States' colleges. It is divided into four distinct schools, those of theology, law, medicine, and philosophy. The number of professors, in 1852, was forty-six, all, with one single exception, native Greeks. The President is elected annually by his associates. The four schools differ widely in the number of their professors and the hours devoted to instruction; for while in Philosophy there are twenty professors, and in each week of the academical term eighty-two lectures, there are in Theology but three professors, and fifteen hours of instruction. Law numbers eleven professors, and more than forty lectures; and Medicine twelve professors and between sixty and seventy lectures. There are thus more than two hundred lectures

delivered to the students within the compass of a week in every department of literature, science, and art. The admission is entirely free; and, consequently, the lecture-room of a popular instructor will be found crowded to overflowing. The professors, though anything but liberally paid, are held in the highest respect and estimation; and numbers of young Greeks look forward to a chair in the University of Athens as the highest object of their ambition.

The number of regularly matriculated students in 1853 was 750, not including, of course, the throngs of attentive auditors that crowd each lecture-room when instruction is given. At least one half of the matriculated students come from districts under the sway of the Sultan, and thus, as Mr. Baird observes, "Free Greece," as she is proudly styled, is furnishing to the millions of the same blood that are subject to a tyrant's sway the benefits of a liberal education; and thus is she gradually preparing the way for their total emancipation from the shackles of ignorance and superstition.

The students, having no dormitories within the walls of the University, lodge in different quarters of the town; two, generally speaking, sharing one set of rooms. Mr. Baird numbered many of these young men among his intimate acquaintances. Nothing, he says, can be plainer than the mode in which their rooms are furnished, or the general style of living. Such a being as the *fast man* of Oxford and Cambridge is a *rara avis* that happy Athens has yet to become acquainted with. With regard to the students' domestic economy we quote Mr. Baird's own words:

The Athenian student always takes his meals at the eating-house, and his fare is simple and wholesome. The warmth of the climate reduces the necessity and relish for animal food, which rarely appears on the table in any considerable quantity, except at Easter. On that great festival, the most august of the year, it is a universal and immemorial custom to have a whole lamb roasted in every family. There is no one so poor within the realm as to be unable to have some part in the gaiety and good cheer to which the day is devoted. On other occasions the only recreation that the student takes consists in a visit to the theatre, or a walk on the public promenade with a friend. He will then invariably insist upon accompanying him to the café to partake of the *rathlikoun*—a Turkish sweetmeat deservedly popular throughout the East.

Beside the University of Athens, there are throughout Greece 325 common schools, regularly organised, and in 1853 attended by no less than 40,000 children, of which it is not a little remarkable that more than 4000 are girls. What a contrast to the time when Dr. Holland published his travels in that country in 1819! Then it was thought absurd for a Greek father to teach his daughter anything beyond the elements of reading and writing; now female education has reached such a degree of refinement that there is a ladies' college, presided over by Mme. Mano, where several hundred young women receive excellent instruction, not merely in the usual accomplishments of the sex, but in all the more useful and substantial branches of learning. Standing midway between the common or *demotic* schools are the Hellenic schools and the *gymnasia*. These altogether are attended by about 10,000 students. The transition from the Hellenic schools to the University is easy. The Church and the military profession each possess a seminary of learning devoted exclusively to those vocations. The Rizarian Academy, so called after the wealthy Greek by whom it was founded, is dedicated exclusively to the education of young men destined for the priesthood. More recently a naval school has been established at Syra as a companion to the military school at Athens. We cordially agree with Mr. Baird's reflections on closing this chapter:

Under such circumstances no one can deny that the present condition of Greece is full of promise. Seed has been planted that must yield a plentiful harvest. Greece needs, however, a higher tone of morality, and a purer form of religion. This is the dark side of the picture. Would that clearer indications of a change so much to be desired could be pre-acted in the future. Then might we confidently abide the time when, though insignificant in size beside the overgrown states of modern Europe, Greece would wield an influence not disproportioned to the extent of her territory or the number of her inhabitants.

Perhaps the most amusing chapter in Mr. Baird's book is that relating to modern Greek customs, particularly the ceremony of marriage, as it is performed both in the upper and lower circles of society. In the former case, the prepa-

rations and the holy rites themselves are much less elaborate than in the latter. When Dr. Holland published his travels in Greece, nearly forty years ago, the ceremony consisted chiefly in the crowning of the bride and bridegroom with wreaths of living flowers, among which gleamed conspicuously snow-white lilies and golden ears of corn (if by any means they could be procured), as the emblems of purity and abundance. This ceremony, which was always performed by the chief priest, was succeeded by a solemn blessing, and two rings were then exchanged by the bride and bridegroom, though that is the sole part they took in the service, for not a word was uttered by either. A cup was then handed by the priest to the lips of the "happy couple," who drank a portion of the consecrated wine it contained; and with this type of their having henceforth to share the sweets and bitters of the cup of life together, the ceremony ended.

Much of the same form still prevails; but the grand essential portion of the rite—the crowning of the contracting parties—has lost much of its poetical beauty, by being now, in the upper circles of society at least, always performed with wreaths of artificial flowers, numbers of which may be seen exposed for sale in the shops and bazaars. The priest's portion of the service on these occasions is very protracted, and consists of numerous prayers and passages of Scripture, usually mumbled over in such a manner as to be almost unintelligible. Some portions of the written form are in themselves so utterly senseless, Mr. Baird says, that no one can have the least idea of what they mean.

Among the lower classes the ceremony of marriage is a very formidable affair, both from its length and the numberless customs attending the rites. The preparations begin on a Thursday invariably, and do not end until the following Sunday evening. Our author gives a very elaborate account of the various secular and sacred ceremonies attending the nuptials of the lower classes. He was also present at a Greek baptism, which in its way is almost as much burthened with mystic rites as the celebration of marriage. The influence of the belief in the gods of Olympus may evidently be traced here, and still more strongly in the funeral processions, services, and offerings to the dead.

After giving a very full account of King Otho, his consort, and the court, and politics of Greece, Mr. Baird has two chapters devoted entirely to the Greek Church and its festivals. No pains seem to have been spared in making these divisions of the work as complete and accurate as possible.

During his long residence in the country, Mr. Baird continued to visit in succession every state; and, if he does not fascinate us by the brilliancy of his descriptions, we are bound to say he gives us most valuable instruction on every subject brought before the reader's notice. Like many a worthy M.P., his *manner* is much better than his *matter*. As an antiquarian and ecclesiologist, Mr. Baird ought deservedly to occupy a high position among recent writers on Greece; but as an elegant and accomplished author, we cannot say as much. He writes occasionally such very decided American-English, that we confess our ears have, on one or two occasions, been very painfully affected. For instance, Mr. Baird does not resolve on ascending Mount Hymettus on such a day, but he *concludes* to do it. Other examples of this use of words in an exclusively American sense might be adduced, but we do not wish to appear hypercritical.

To those who feel a strong interest in the trial of Dr. King, the American missionary clergyman, for the alleged offence of vilifying the Greek Church, the chapter devoted entirely to the facts of the case, the trial, the speeches of counsel, and the results following the investigation, will be read with avidity.

We prefer, however, devoting the remainder of this notice to the more pleasing task of following Mr. Baird in his inquiry into the present condition of the language, poetry, and modern Greek literature in general. Much care has been bestowed recently in the purification of the language from the many barbarisms which have crept into it from other tongues, particularly those of Italy, Turkey, and Albania, and the reform in this respect has been carried so far that the modern Greek *purists* propose that every word for which a native origin cannot be found shall be proscribed with ruthless severity. The Government, the University, and the press have alike contributed all their influence to this

desirable end, and the codes of law and all the judicial records of the courts attest, by their classic language now, the effect of this singular and radical movement.

Knowing the success that has attended this great scheme, and that the Hellenic kingdom is advancing every year in intelligence, wealth, and influence, we are not unprepared to hear that national literature is in a very promising condition; but we confess we are surprised to find from Mr. Baird, that in proportion to its size, the city of Athens supports a larger number of journals and newspapers than any other city in the world.

History, theology, and archæology are the branches of literature most cultivated, especially the two former; but, in the department of fiction, there seems to be a total want of originality or genius. However, translations from all the principal French novelists are constantly appearing, and Eugene Sue and Alexandre Dumas are well-known personages in modern Athens. Our own Sir Walter, too, has donned a Greek costume; but it seems the public taste has been somewhat vitiated by the high-spiced viands presented to them by MM. Dumas and Co., and consequently the author of "Waverley" is not so much appreciated as the "Wandering Jew" or the "Mysteries of Paris." Still, considering the low ebb to which literature had sunk in Greece only a quarter of a century ago, it is surprising that it should have made the progress it has—a progress, considering all the difficulties, moral and physical, with which it had to contend, that is almost unparalleled in the history of nations.

The ballad poetry of Greece is a very fruitful subject of investigation. There is not a person or event of any local importance but the modern Greek makes it the subject of a ballad. The exploits of the *klefts* or mountain robbers are their favourite themes, and Mr. Baird gives us some translations of these characteristic songs of the people; but, still, that poetry is associated with the most ordinary occurrences of life is evident from the numberless poems written and sung on all such occasions.

Of the present state of the drama and dramatic literature in Greece we learn nothing from Mr. Baird of any importance. It would seem that there is no probability of the land of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* taking a high position in this department of the kingdom of letters at present. Considering how important a subject is that of popular recreations, we are a little surprised that Mr. Baird did not, during his protracted residence, bestow more attention on it, and give his readers fuller information. The only amusement which he notices is the semi-religious one on Easter Tuesday, when all business ceases at Athens, and almost the entire population, numbering many thousands of men, women, and children, all attired in their gayest costumes, repair to the Temple of Theseus, and the Hills of Mars and the Nymphs, either to join in or witness the famous *Romaika* dance. We shall let Mr. Baird here give his own account of it.

The *Romaika* dance, which can here be seen to great advantage, is quite peculiar to Greece. The dancers, who are always of the same sex, rarely number less than twenty or thirty. Having selected a leader, they form a sort of train, always preserving somewhat of a circular position, and often clinging to each other by means of a handkerchief passed around their neighbour's waist. Within this partial circle sits sometimes one musician, but oftener two or three. One plays discordantly on the pipe, a second laboriously endeavours to extract harmonious sounds from an instrument not very much unlike a *banjo*, while a third at measured intervals thumps with a large stick upon a cracked drum. The music, however, seems to be of secondary importance. The motions of the dancers are slow and dignified, partaking of the nature of pantomime, in which the chief object of each is to reproduce the action and gestures of the leader. But at times the action becomes more violent, varying with the nature of the subject of the song and the temperament of the leader. It is a favourite idea among the learned Greeks with whom I have conversed respecting it, that the *Romaika* is but a modification of the *Pyrrhic* dance of the ancients; and its character, so utterly unlike the frivolous dances now in vogue, goes far towards establishing at least a connection between them. The *Romaika* resembles what I fancy to be the war-dance of our Indians.

If we turn to Dr. Holland's book, we shall find his description of the wild warlike dance, the *Albanitiko*, to resemble what we know of the ancient *Pyrrhic* dance far more than the *Romaika* does. However, in this as well as in more important matters, doctors will sometimes disagree.



Mr. Baird's volume is illustrated with about sixty wood-engravings, from sketches principally made by himself upon the spot—an excellent plan both for the author and the reader, impressing the scene on the memory of the one, and conveying a sufficiently accurate idea of it, for all general purposes, to the mind of the other.

Relying, then, as we think we have every reason to do, on the truth of all Mr. Baird's statements, and the correctness of his information, we may certainly augur well for the future condition of the modern Greek nation. The rapidly-progressive state of improvement perceptible in every condition of society only requires to be fostered by wise and liberal measures on the part of the Government, aided by strenuous efforts on the side of the people themselves, and before this eventful second half of the nineteenth century closes, Greece will take a much higher position in intelligence, morality, and political influence than she has ever occupied in the scale of nations since the glories of Olympus faded before the cross of Christianity. GLAUCUS.

*Journal of Six Weeks' Adventure in Switzerland, Piedmont, and on the Italian Lakes.* By W. L. and H. T. London: Printed by Spottiswoode and Co. 1856.

We believe that, without committing any breach of etiquette, we may devote a brief space to the notice of this charming and unaffected little book of travel. Although printed only for private circulation, we are not without a hope that its author may think better of the matter, may sink a little of that modesty which it is so refreshing to find in a traveller (if only for its very rarity), and may resolve to present to the world at large a volume which contains so much that is both interesting and valuable. Many men have taken a six weeks' walk on the very ground which was covered by W. L. and H. T.; but few have returned to tell the tale so well, so unaffectedly, and with so much advantage to their readers, as this Beaumont and Fletcher of pedestrians. In referring to the authors in their twin capacity, we are only paying a deference to their title-page: the great bulk of the work is written by W. L. in the first person, who refers constantly to his *compagnon de voyage* as "my friend" H. T.

Starting from London on the 25th of June in this present year, our excursionists made their way, *via* Boulogne and Paris, to Strasburgh; thence to Kehl, Höllesteig, and Schaffhausen, and so on by Zurich, the baths of Pfäfers, and the Splügen, to the Lake of Como. Thence to the St. Gothard, Lucerne, the Grimsel, the Rigi, Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen, the St. Theodule Pass, Courmayeur, Chamouni, and back again to Paris. Such is a mere outline of the journey, the greater portion of which was bravely executed on foot—proving that the travellers were no mean pedestrians. In the course of their wanderings they ascended no less than nineteen remarkable mountains and passes, the aggregate elevation of which is something like 130,000 feet above the level of the sea. We regret that we can only find space for two extracts; the first giving an account of the first walk on a glacier, and the second giving some useful information as to what is really necessary for the comfort of a pedestrian.

The first treading on a glacier is not to be forgotten: the enormous mass of ice; the firm and secure footing, even on a steep slope, provided you do not fall, which you need not do; the apparent solidity and immovability of the great mass, which, however, you well know is never still; the immense masses of rock carried down from the higher mountains and borne on its back by the glacier; the glorious colour, the deep crevasses, some filled with the clearest water, and others in which the water is heard rushing hundreds of feet below—all combine to produce a spectacle of beauty, sublimity, and wonder. The nuisance of a glacier is its moraines. The irresistible action of rain, frost, and snow, splits off fragments of rock of all sizes, varying from many tons' weight to mere stones. These fall into the glacier at its side, and immediately commence their inevitable journey to its termination, where they form the "terminal moraine," while at the side they form the "lateral moraine;" but, whether "terminal" or "lateral," they are equally excessively troublesome climbing. The steep side of the glacier is often covered with a coating of gravel, which seems to afford a firm footing, but it is most treacherous, as it is generally only a thin covering over the hardest black ice.

With our last extract we bid adieu to these excellent and intelligent pedestrians.

## IN MARCHING ORDER.

The luggage question had forced itself upon us seriously, and although Aplanalp said he could carry both knapsacks perfectly well, we thought it would be a great advantage if one could be dispensed with. We therefore reduced our wants to the lowest minimum, packed them all in one knapsack, and sent the other to Lucerne. My list would still be considered superfluously luxurious by such mountaineers as Kennedy and Hudson; but, with the exception of a pair of waterproof leggings and a Scotch plaid, which, although occasionally useful, might have been dispensed with, I did not discover any superfluity. My allowance, besides what was worn, was one flannel shirt, a thin under flannel waistcoat, a pair of drawers, a pair of trousers, two pairs of stockings, a pair of slippers, a thick pair of boots, hair-brush, tooth-brush, soap, an invaluable pair of Turkish sponge-gloves for washing, a rough pair of gloves for rubbing, a waterproof coat and leggings, and a Scotch plaid. My friend's requirements were more limited. I had, in addition, a leather courier's bag, and my companion a waterproof haversack containing map, handbook, pipe, and other little necessities.

## FICTION.

## THE NEW NOVELS.

*Mr. Arle: a Novel.* 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*Kathie Brande: a Fireside History of a Quiet Life.* By HOLME LEE, Author of "Thorney Hall," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

A NOVEL should be a work of art, and true art has always a design. An artist does not take his brush and draw a tree there, and a mountain there, according to the mood of the moment. He sees or imagines a definite picture and endeavours to transfer it to his canvass. A composer does the like with music; a poet with his verses; and a novelist ought to plan a novel not merely as a tale, but with a purpose, to illustrate something in the philosophy of society or the psychology of man. It is not enough to take two or three young men and as many young women, without impressing upon them any definite characters, to make them fall into love and out of love, and misunderstand and thwart one another, until the proper number of pages is filled for righting them. The story, besides being interesting in itself, should illustrate something, no matter what. The fault we have to find with *Mr. Arle* is, that it fails to do this. We can discover no design in it, and, truth to say, very little of the other merits which, to some extent, might compensate for this defect. Involuntarily we ask, why was it written? for what purpose? with what aim? Why is Hilda introduced to us in the first chapter as in love with one man, and in the last as in love with another? It may be true to nature, but it is not pleasant. For the rest, the story is common-place enough, wanting, like almost all English novels, in ingenuity of plot, but written agreeably, and free from any patent faults. Alcina is the personage most approaching to originality of conception; but she has had her prototype. The others are familiar enough to every novel-reader.

*Mr. Arle* was suggested by Miss Brontë's "Jane Eyre" and Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South." The former contributed the hero; the latter supplied the incident of a clergyman quitting the Church from conscientious scruples and enduring the loss of caste consequent on such backsliding. Hilda Stanton, the heroine, was betrothed in early life to Hendon Maynard, a gentleman of large property and great accomplishments. But the change in her father's position and some little fear she has that her lover is not so stable in character as she had supposed, induce her to break off the engagement. He is, however, somewhat more faithful than she: he will not listen to her "reasons why," and for a time they continue on their old terms of intimacy. But he is beset by the machinations of his mother and sister, who are averse to the connection, and a young beauty is thrown in his way, and so he is tempted at last to reciprocate Hilda's objections and he marries the new face. Hilda is, or pretends to be, very angry, although Hendon had only done what she had desired him to do, and in this state of mind she crosses the path of Mr. Arle, who is one of those middle-aged, sensible, eccentric, incomprehensible personages, who have fascinated novelists ever since the success of "Jane Eyre," and who have been reproduced we know not how often. Just such a being is Mr. Arle, who ultimately wins the deserted Hilda's heart and hand; and the manner of his doing it is the story told in these volumes.

Many sensible things are put into Mr. Arle's mouth, and the writing is upon the whole rather more substantial than is usually found in novels. It is of average merit.

*Kathie Brande* is free from the objection of aimlessness. It has a very definite purpose—to inculcate the observance of duty. It is a history of a quiet life devoted to the discharge of what it deems to be its duty, with continual self-sacrifices, and a little too much, perhaps, of the sacrifice of others as well. Kathie is the daughter of a clergyman, who dies while she is yet a child, leaving her to the care of her widowed mother with a very scanty purse, scarcely sufficient to supply the comforts of life. The privations to which they are subjected, their patience and brave bearing up against suffering and sorrow, are described with exquisite feeling. Then Kathie visits her grandmother, and falls in love with the curate of the parish, to whom she engages herself. Returning to her home, she finds her mother surrounded with troubles; her brother has got into debt at Cambridge, and her sister accepts the adoption of an aunt; and Kathie remains her mother's only friend and companion. The curate, being now in circumstances to marry, calls upon her to fulfil her engagement. Duty tells her to remain at home; her lover, vexed and hopeless, breaks off their engagement and marries the daughter of a bishop. Kathie's cup of bitterness is full; but she does not resign herself to sorrow. Still the consciousness of duty done sustains her spirit. Here the story should have ended—virtue should have been made its own reward. Novel-readers, however, would not be content with this. Poetical justice must be done. So, in order that the goodness of Kathie may have some material reward, which in real life it has not often, the authoress must needs put to death the curate's wife, manifestly for the purpose of enabling him to marry Kathie at last. To our mind this is not altogether satisfactory. It destroys all the romance we associate with the hero of a novel, to find him quitting the heroine, falling in love with somebody else, actually marrying and becoming that unromantic thing, a husband; then passing into a state of widowhood, wearing the green willow all round his hat for a twelvemonth and a day, and sighing over the dear departed as he offers his hand—and heart?—to his old love, whom he had left and forgotten. Such things are in real life, as everybody's experience will inform him; but it is not an incident upon which it is safe to found a novel. It is the weak point in a tale, very cleverly conceived in its earlier parts, and very beautifully told throughout.

Holme Lee is, we believe, only an assumed name, and it is a lady who thus presents herself to the public with a masculine title. She is winning for herself a high place in the ranks of fiction. Each new tale improves upon its predecessor. *Kathie Brande* is her matured production, and, as a composition, it is very superior indeed to "Thorney Hall." She has escaped from the tyranny of epithets. She writes more naturally, because she does not try to write so well. She thinks more of ideas and less of words. Her descriptions are shorter, simpler, and therefore more graphic. Her characters are not drawn in a pen-and-ink sketch at the beginning of the tale, but left to develop themselves; and the reader makes acquaintance with them precisely as with the persons he meets in real life, by intercourse gradually learning more and more about them until the character is complete. She is manifestly an enthusiastic lover of nature, and she paints scenery with the hand of an artist. It is scarcely necessary to add that *Kathie Brande* is not merely a very interesting novel—it is a very wholesome one. It should be put into the hands of young persons as being better than a sermon, for it teaches virtue by example, which, we are told, is so much better than precept.

The following passage, from the scene in which Kathie refuses to marry because duty claims her cares for her aged mother, exhibits the spirit of the work, and the merits and faults we have noticed:—

He half withdrew his arm, as if rejecting such a compromise; but when I shrank away, he caught me back again, and asked almost fiercely if his love were so indifferent to me that I could leave him thus. The glistening happy tears in my eyes were answer enough. He returned to his first idea of the folly of waiting. I reminded him of the duties I owed at home.

"Who can require the sacrifice of you?" he passionately exclaimed: "What mother can ask a child

to give up her best years to such work as yours will be?"

"Oh, Felix; she would not ask it," I replied, grieved and yet touched by his tone: "She would toil on to her dying day rather than stand in the way of our happiness. Do not urge me, Felix; I have a duty which I must do. Could you expect a selfish daughter to make a good wife? I am so young, and I have done nothing for my mother yet. I must go to her for a time: I ought."

"You speak calmly, Kathie, and expect me to be convinced. And I want you, too; for you, and with you, I could do anything. Have you not pledged yourself to me?" he said gently and tenderly. He held me against his heart, and looked down into my eyes for an answer. I shook my head, and avoided his gaze. My sense of duty withstood this first appeal of passion. He loosed his arm, and put me away mournfully; but I did not stir to go: I could not. I longed to lay my head on his breast, and tell him I would do whatever he willed.

"My love then is nothing to you, Kathie! You are proud: you will not let me work for you," he added.

I was silent; but the hot tears swelled into my eyes at his injustice. I saw my future before me—quiet and tranquilly happy, even through those half-bitter tears. There would be a round of small duties to do—duties that would prevent idle anxieties and foolish fears. My life looked like a stream flowing peacefully through meadow lands; no swift currents, no shallows or dangerous quicksands showed in its course: now and then there were inflowings from another river—gushing, sparkling, making sunny eddies where the waters met—then on they glided again with gentle ripple. Perhaps there might come a shadow across that stream: but shadows would not stop its tide: it might wind deviously through long, long miles; it might be skirted by dusty roads where Hope would lag, and Patience grow footsore; but I saw a point where the two rivers mingled, where rose a fair city looking seawards; thence the deep still waves flowed on into strange lands beyond my ken—beautiful lands where the sunshine was never dimmed, or the flowers stricken with frost or blight. I glanced up from my vision to find his reproachful eyes watching the flickering changes on my face.

*The Faun of Aptonga.* By the Rev. J. M. Neale. (Burntisland: at the Pictigo Press).—A tale of the Early Martyrs, written (as the title-page states), "for children," but profitable to readers of a larger growth.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Craigcrook Castle.* By GERALD MASSEY. London: David Bogue. 1856.

*Craigcrook Castle* proves indubitably—if, indeed, that needed any proof—that its author possesses, of a truth, the high and sacred gift of genius—which Coleridge justly defines as the "faculty of growth"—by the plentiful evidences of "growth" which it affords. What was embryotic in the former work is flower in this; what was flower and blossom then is now young though luscious fruit. Not that we mean to affirm that Gerald Massey's genius has now attained full maturity. That cannot be predicated of it yet, we hope, for many years to come. Every man of true genius is an ever-brightening presage—an undeveloped possibility.

In saying, therefore, that the present work of Mr. Massey is as the fruit to the flower, we must be understood as speaking relatively. It exhibits more unmistakable evidences of power than the former production, and shows a wider range of vision, as well as a steadier pulse and a stronger grasp. And it yet is, in reality, as full of imperfection—is, in fact, as embryotic and prospective as the former work; only its imperfection hints at a higher result, and its embryo is that of a nobler and more consummate flower. It lifts up the platform of the poet's possibilities into a higher sphere; and gives us glimpses of ampler reaches of beauty—premonitions of stronger thrills of passion and pathos.

The volume which contained the "Ballad of Babe Christabel" as its "bright particular star" was full of power, and full of crudity also. Indeed, to some extent at least, the amount of its crudity was indicative of the amount of its strength. The breadth and freedom of the outline suggested the breadth and power of the picture, when all its wealth of colouring should gradually be added, touch by touch, and tint by tint. The ragged rim of the half-risen orb gave unmistakable evidence of the mighty bulk which should yet heave on the horizon; and the very raggedness of the outline served only to mark the more definitely the extent of the proportions which should afterwards appear. The present work bears the same relation to Mr.

Massey's apparent present possibilities, which his last work bore to his apparent possibilities at the time when it was published. The former is no richer in promise than the latter; but it is as rich in a yet richer promise. It points to the future likewise; but to a still brighter future, and reveals yet loftier regions of the possible and the untroudden. The traveller has advanced, but the horizon has advanced with him.

*Craigcrook Castle* reminds us both of Hogg's "Queen's Wake," and of Alfred Tennyson's "Princess." In structure it resembles the former; and in substance and manner the latter. It is a series of brief stories slightly connected together, like the "Queen's Wake;" while it deals with the feelings generated by the events of the passing hour, like the "Princess." Like the latter, too, it is a "medley."

Each story is shadowed in faint outline, rather than graven firmly in shapely narrative. Each deals more with subjective passion and feeling than with objective incident. Its interest is to be derived not from its startling adventures, its novelty of situation, or its dramatic or melodramatic development of character, but from the sumptuous sensualism of its phrasology—that species of sensualism which Milton desiderated in all true poetry,—the depth of its passion, and the subtlety with which this is illustrated by imagery drawn from external nature. The external universe is full of symbols and hieroglyphs whose meaning each character finds written out in his own personal history. The mysterious sympathies which subsist between the mind of man and nature are here presented in the form of pictures exquisitely coloured, instead of being stated in a series of psychological propositions. The story, in every instance, is left very much to take care of itself; and all the author's care and skill are lavished on the poetry which is to enbalm and embody it.

*Craigcrook Castle* opens, like the "Princess," with a festive party, whose several occupations are brilliantly described. Several characters are introduced at the outset, among whom the most noticeable are:

AURELIA with the royal eyes, and breast  
Bounding with hurrying heart, wave-wanton, for  
A ripe repose on some Elysian shore;

And—

MADEL, saintly sweet, fairly fine,  
As maiden rising from enchanted mere;  
Pale as a lily crown'd with moonlight calm.

We are told that:—

Some play'd at bowls upon the velvet sward,  
And drank old ale with ruby flame in it  
Where sunny laurels twinkled silver lights;  
While others traced the footprints of old time,  
Long fossilized: some by the sea—that glow'd  
In living azure, and in-violate calm—  
Peer'd in the portal of its wonder-world.  
We shower'd playful palms down in the path,  
And deckt with flowers the marriage-robe of one  
Who brought his beauteous bride in triumph home;  
A jolly Briton princely to the poor.  
His rich heart-warming ruddiness of look  
Might make an east wind reel off mellow and mild:  
So sunnily his inner ripeness smiled:  
And stalwart stood the sheltering wall of his life,  
For climbing flower and fruit to bud and bear.  
Her fragrant weight of warm and rosy life,  
That twined with tender want of folding arms,  
Half-veiled with sweetest like a dew-dropt flower,  
Stir'd in his smile and rises ruddy and calm,  
With breath that maketh dim his dallying eyes:  
A young Aurora of warm womanhood  
Glowing Imperial as the sun-toucht rose!  
Her eyes wide-waken'd by love's quickening kiss—  
Sweet—drunken with the wine of tears—foreshow  
How love hath liv'd his honey in her heart.  
And there they walk their rosy marriage time,  
With gracious words that brighten listening brows  
Like crowns of splendour, as the first pair walkt  
Their morning of the world in Paradise.

We have much more faith in the virtue of extracts to give a correct idea of a volume so rich in imagery, so warm and gorgeous in colouring as *Craigcrook Castle*, than in that of criticism. Here follows a bold, vigorous picture, extracted from that portion of the poem entitled *Lady Laura*, which reveals, in sudden lightning-flashes of imagery, the seething depths of life in large cities, and which may fitly bear the title of

LONDON.

O mighty mystery, London, there be children still who hold  
Her palaces are silver-roof, her pavements are of gold:  
And blindly in that dark of fate, they grope for the golden  
prize,  
For somewhere hidden in her heart the charmed treasure  
lies.  
Such glory burning in the skies, she lifts her crown of light  
Above the dark, we see not what we trample in the night.  
O merry world of London! O aching world of moan,  
How many a soul hath stoop'd to thee, and lost its starry  
throne!  
There Circe brims her sparkling ruby, dancing welcome—  
laughs  
All scruples down with wicked eye, and the crazed lover  
quails,

Until the fires of Hell have left white ashes on his lips:

And there they pass whose tortured hearts the worm that dies not grips.

The stricken crawl apart to die. There, many a bosom  
heaves

With merry laughers mournful as the dancing of dead  
leaves.

There gripping Greed rich-heaps of yellow wealth of bank  
and shop.

As autumn leaves grow goldenest when rotten-ripe to drop:  
And many melt the marrow of their manhood, burn its  
bloom.

In Passion's serpent arms, and with her kiss of fire consume.  
And sideling Vanity seeks a mirror in each passing face,  
But through the dark some luminous lives flash up and  
pray Heaven's grace.

"All beauteous stand her idols shining on their azure  
height;

And from their fairy heaven lean veiled shapes, half-dim,  
half-bright;

They draw us with a dream delicious to the aching sight;  
Armfuls of warm delight, white waists, ripe lips, and merry  
brides;

Life-dew in melting roses, low sweet music, worlds besides!  
And day by day, on each highway, from many a sunny  
shire,

The country life comes green to wither for the hungry fire.  
All into London leaping, leaping flows the human sea,  
Where, a wreck at heart or a prize in arms, the waves flash  
merrily.

With a prayer to God on high, he sees the tumult, hears the  
strife,

And dives, from out the gulf to snatch a nobler-crown'd  
life.

The Lady Laura leaneth like a bending heaven above,  
And his life is safely steady with the anchor of his love.  
Three times into the city's heart there ran the news of  
spring;

Sweet primrose-time is come again, and the silver showers  
sing.

The cloudy imag'ry of heaven sails o'er him day by day,  
He watches patching as the palm when the rain floats far  
away.

All thirsty, as the hero's soul with glory's burning drouth,  
And yearning, as the dying yearn, for a deathbed in the  
south;

For spring's warm breath and bright caress, and pleasant  
feel of leaves,

And all her beauty, wet with morn, his heart within him  
grieves.

The country memories, rich inlaid, so fragrantly are stirr'd,  
As spice-winds whisper something low, or sing a careless  
bird.

The green woods beckon, spirit-like, through a dream of  
azure sky;

All heaven looks out from a flower as from the beloved's eye,  
And visions of a lovelier lighted life move glimmering by.

Above that wilderness of life he often sat alone,  
Watching the surges of the soul, which ever and anon  
Reveal'd the proud wave-wrester Hope for ever battling on!

And ever through the dark the Lady Laura's star-smile  
shone.

Ah, the dear night was all his own, then life rose starry-  
tower'd,

Full-honey'd with its folded spring, his shut heart bud-like  
flower'd.

Upon the stream that pines all day the calm of heaven doth  
rest.

And its star of love, though far above, keeps bridal on its  
breast.

Pure, pained loveliness, she walks a world of wrong and  
guile,

Yet nightly looketh in his face with the same sweet patient  
smile.

While ever and for ever goeth up to God for doom,  
The city's breath of life and death, in glory or in gloom;

And there it rings each spirit round, of light or darkness  
woven,

And they shall wake and walk their self-unfolded hell or  
heaven.

Nightly a merry harvest-home the Devil in London drives,  
And gathers on the shores of hell the wreck of human lives;

While God sits over all in heaven, and in His hand doth hold  
The Flower of Silence, shedding worlds like seed of sunny  
gold.

In contrast with the fierce and lurid fire of the  
above, we quote the following delicious and dainty  
little ditty:

Lady of the forest  
Is the Silver Birk;  
Shimmering in the sunshine;  
Shivering at the mirk;  
Rocking in her rapture;  
A dancing pealress slim;  
Her hair a shower of beauty;  
Her motion a glory-swim  
Or when dewy twilight  
Pours its chime of balm,  
And her tremulous bosom  
Fills with a tender calm.  
'Mid the dance of colours,  
And semitones of green,  
Gleams this daintier spirit  
That in leafhood is the queen.  
Of all the trees o' the forest,  
He loves the Silver Birk,  
Shimmering in the sunshine,  
Shivering at the mirk.  
So like the Lady Laura  
In her purity and grace;  
Dreaming in its shadow,  
Often rose her face;  
And as when a sunburst  
Gildens the green isles,  
The woodland water smileth,  
So his heart within him smiles.

Every part of *Craigcrook Castle* betrays the  
presence of the true poet. It has much less of  
the mere verbiage of poetry—much less of that  
floridity of style which many mistake for the  
true expression of genius—much less of the mere  
echo of the singing of others, and more originality,  
power, and individualism than Mr. Massey's  
earlier volume displayed. It literally seems



with images, any one of which is sufficient to prove the author's right to the title of poet. It not only gives us golden glimpses of the beauty of nature, but also of that diviner beauty which the soul sheds on the objects she beholds and loves. The mighty mother is made to echo back the throbbing of the warm heart of humanity; and all her solitudes and waste places are filled with the sweet idealisms of the poet—the Maker—who, although borrowing his materials from the external universe, pays back his debt to nature, by clothing her in a vesture of imperishable beauty, by winging her bare facts with his fine fancies, and softening, subduing, and glorifying all in the rich hues of his imagination, as mountain peaks are transmuted into billowy clouds of fire in the gold and crimson of sunset. We select a cluster of beautiful images and delicious lines:

At birth her hair was dark as it were dipt  
In the death shadow; but it rarefied  
In radiance as her head rose higher heaven,  
Till she—white glory—looked from a golden mist.  
This is her still face as she lay in death!  
Spirit-like face! set in a silver cloud,  
It comes to us in silent glooms of night;  
The wee was face that gradually withdrew  
And darkened into the great cloud of death.

The chariot wheels  
Of coming vengeance spin too swift for sight.  
We were as treasure-seekers in the earth,  
When lo, a death's-head on a sudden stares.  
And all her childhood's *vagrant royalty*  
Sat staid and calm in some eternal throne.

The poem entitled "The Mother's Idol Broken" will, we imagine, please the largest number of readers. The story is simple enough. It is, in reality, a purged and purified edition of the sweet "Ballad of Babe Christabel." In the more recent poem the mists and mists of passion have cleared off and given place to the sweet and tender moonlight of memory. It breathes a calmer and more tranquil spirit, and lifts up shining eyes of hope, glistening in tears, and yet still looking up, and is bright with a more hallowed radiance than any that shone on the troubled sorrow of the "Ballad." The jewel that made life beautiful is certainly gone; the socket in which it was set still remains empty, for its place can never be supplied; but the survivors no longer grope blindly in the dark in search of the lost treasure, and giving utterance to all the hot language of fresh-wrung agony and despair; for the eye of faith beholds the lost glory shining in the circle of the Redeemer. In nothing is the mellowing and maturing of Mr. Massey's genius more strikingly displayed than in the similarities and contrasts furnished by these two poems. Take the following exquisite lyric, as an exemplification of our meaning:

All in our marriage garden  
Grew, smiling up to God,  
A bonnier flower than ever  
Sneak'd the green warmth of the sod.  
O beautiful unfathomably  
Its little life unfur'd;  
Life's crown of sweetness was our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom  
Our bud of beauty grew;  
It fed on smiles for sunshine,  
And tears for daintier dew.  
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,  
Our leaves of love were cur'd  
So close and close about our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

Two flowers of glorious crimson  
Grew with our Rose of light;  
Still kept the sweet heaven-grafted slip  
Her whiteness saintly white.  
I' the wind of life they danced with glee,  
And redder'd as they whirl'd;  
White, white and wondrous grew our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance  
Our house of life she fill'd—  
Revealed each hour some fairy tow'r,  
Where winged hopes might build.  
We saw—though none like as might see—  
Such precious promise pearl'd  
Upon the petals of our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo  
Of angel-light increased,  
Like the mystery of moonlight  
That folds some fairy feast.  
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,  
Our darling bud upreld,  
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom;  
Our life was but in spring;  
When down the solemn midnight  
We heard the spirits sing:  
"Another bud of infancy,  
With holy dew imperl'd,"  
And in their hands they bore our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing  
Could leave a loss so large;  
Her little light such shadow fling  
From dawn to sunset's marge.  
In other springs our life may be  
In banner'd bloom unfur'd;  
But never, never match our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

The following gorgeous description of a day in summer is after Mr. Massey's earlier manner—though it surpasses anything of the kind which he has hitherto achieved:

Sweet lilies of the valley, tremulous fair,  
Peep through their curtains clasp with diamond dew,  
By fairy jewellers working while they slept;  
The arch labourer droops her budding gold  
From emerald fingers, with such taking grace;  
The fuchsia fires her fairy chandelier,  
And flowering currant crimson the green gloom;  
The pansies, pretty little puritans,  
Come peering up with merry elvish eyes;  
At summer's call the lily is alight;  
Wall-flowers in fragrance burn themselves away  
With the sweet season on her precious pyre;  
Pure passionate aromas of the rose,  
And purple perfume of the hyacinth,  
Come like a colour thro' the golden day.  
A summer soul is in the limes; they stand  
Low murmuring honied things that wing forth bees;  
Their busy whisperings done, the plane trees hush!  
But lo, a warm wind winnowing odour-rain  
Goes breathing by, and there they cursey meek,  
Or toss their locks in frolic wantonness,  
While a great gust of joy runs shiv'ring through them;  
All the leaves thrill and sparkle wild as wings,  
Voluptuously ripening in the sun.  
The meadows swell their bosom pump with life,  
To pasture sauntering sheep, and ruminant kine;  
And kingcups spread their tiny laps to take  
The lavish largess showered down from heaven;  
And, garnering the warm gold, nod and laugh.  
The birds low-crooning o'er their sweet spring tunes,  
Still touch them with a riper luxury.

We conclude our extracts by citing the following magnificent lines—lines worthy to be pondered over in these strangely-troubled and transitional times of ours, when, in the heat and hurry of conflicting forces, men are hurled to the extremes of false confidence and dismay—when doubt is written, as with living lightning, on the pallid face of the thinker, and the rising intellect of the age is stirred uneasily, as a sleeper in a ghastly dream:

"They wrought in faith, and not they wrought in doubt."  
Is the proud epitaph inscribed above  
Our glorious dead, who in their grandeur lie,  
Crown'd with the garland of eternity.  
Because they did believe, and conquer'd Doubt,  
They lived great lives, and did their deathless deeds,  
Who in the old time walk'd their perilous way,  
With the grey hairs of kingly sorrow crown'd;  
Who laid their heads upon the bloody block  
For their last pillows; Who amid the flames  
Bore witness still, and with their quivering hands  
Sowed every wind with sparks of fiery thought.  
Because they did believe, we kneel to read  
Where men and angels mingle tears of joy.  
Because he did believe, Columbus sail'd  
For that new world his inner eyes had seen.  
He found: so Faith its new worlds yet shall find,  
While Doubt shakes its wise head and stays behind.  
Newton believed for many a year before  
The Hand in heaven shook the apple down.  
Because we have believed, our knowledge comes;  
Belief, not doubt, will touch the secret spring.  
Belief is that soul-attitude which sees  
How the pure distance of some infinite sea  
Relieves the dark ground of our inland life,  
And feels the fresh spray make its roses bloom.  
But Doubt turns from the light, and only sees  
The shadow that it casts, and follows it,  
For Doubt is ever its own Delly.  
The shadow still dilates on darken'd eyes,  
And lengthens as the awful night comes down.

Of that section of the poem entitled "Only a Dream," it would be difficult to speak in terms of too warm and lavish laudation. The tragedy adumbrated in these lines is, unhappily, common enough. A young being, breathing grace and beauty, breaks out of her shadowy and longing loneliness of heart into the sunlight of love, only to have her heart broken by cruel relatives, who tear her from the object of her affections, and wed her to a "worldling wrinkled, rich and rotten, who bought love's sweet name for gold."

They dress'd me in bride-flowers, who should have worn  
The white and wimpled weeds of widowhood,  
And led me forth, a jewell'd mockery!  
'Twas like a wedding with the sheeted deed,  
In silent hurry, and white ghastliness.

Connubial happiness is of course out of the question in a union like this; and we learn without surprise that

The image of nuptial love to which they led me,  
A maiden sacrifice i' the sanctuary,  
That should have raised me, smiled my tears away,  
And into quickness all my coldness kist,  
And fed with precious oil the lamp of love  
That in my heart, as in a tomb, burnt on,  
Was a gaunt skeleton whose grave-like arms  
Claspt me for ever to a loveless breast.

The wretch to whom this budding flower of womanhood was linked indissolubly was, we are told, a "tyrant just too mean to murder."

He had a *thin-lipp'd lust of power* which look'd  
On torture in no rage of fiery blood,  
But with infernal light of gloating eyes.

In her utter wretchedness, she broke away into  
the sunny world of dreams; but if

—I stretch weak arms to clasp my world,  
A wormy mouth to my wild warmth was prest.

And if in her everlasting isolation, she turned  
away from earthly to supernatural solaces,—

And if I turn'd to lift a prayer to God,  
Above me burn'd two eyes like bottomless pits,  
In which a nest of devils lurk and leer.

Madness comes in at last with its Circe-cup of oblivion; and the tale drops again into a dream, and the whole closes with a balmy song.

We trust we have quoted enough, and said enough to convince our readers, that this is a true poet who claims audience at their hands—enough to ensure him a patient hearing, and a hearty burst of acclamation when his song is done. Gerald Massey is a true child of genius; and the wonder, in his case, is not, as in that of Bloomfield, and Clare, and Tannahill, that, amid such circumstances as those in which he was placed, he should have come to write verses at all; but, on the contrary, the merits of his poetry are such that we place the bays on his brows at once, and forget altogether the circumstances amid which his muse has grown and flourished.

*Simple Poèmes: à l'Usage des Ecoles Nationales du Dinanche.* Traduits de l'Anglais de Mrs. ANNA H. POTTS, de Cambridge, par LE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN. Londres: Rolandi. Paris: Franck.

THE names of Le Chevalier and Madame de Chatelain deserve to be honourably mentioned by all who feel any interest in that portion of literature which instructs the thoughtful, or which adds delight to the sunny hours of childhood—hours which are always delightful. While the former has made the richly masculine mind of Chaucer and the plastic harmonies of Longfellow known through translations to many Frenchmen, the latter has given English readers, and young ones more especially, amusement and instruction by such a charming fairy tale as "The Silver Swan," and the no less simple and charming story, "The Captive Skylark." How many little eyes have twinkled with delight over that little book in blue cloth, the collection of that "wise nonsense" which makes nursery hours not only bearable but welcome. We allude to the "Merry Tales for Little Folk." There is more value in that small book than will ever be uttered by all the grim Dombeyas who shall exist from this present moment to "the crack of universal doom." But our business is with the Chevalier de Chatelain, not with his gifted wife. The translations before us are of rare variety, and they represent to Frenchmen many of those individualities which form the strength of English literature. The first few pages of the book are devoted to the poems of Mrs. Anna Potts—poems which may not inaptly be termed the wayside flowers of life and language, because, though devoid of flannity and flashy colour, they yet attract by their simple loveliness. Here, to our thinking, the translator has performed his task with expressive fidelity. The tenderness of the original is preserved among these unavoidable difficulties which beset the best and most skilful translator. In addition to these sweet poems this little volume contains "Evangeline" and numerous translations from poets whose names are familiar here, and will, we hope, and can scarcely doubt, be made familiar also through the spirited pen of the Chevalier de Chatelain to our neighbours across the channel. We look on these translations as an earnest tribute to English genius; and their usefulness cannot be a question of doubt, since they are a reflex of truth and beauty.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Art and Nature at Home and Abroad.* By GEORGE W. THORNBURY, Author, &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

We have got over Guy Fawkes's day and the Lord Mayor's day fairly enough. We have discharged our squibs and crackers and duly burnt our "Guys." We have seen the men in brass, and sturdy steeds drawing locomotives, reaping-machines, and all the materialism of Tiptree Hall encommium. We are reminded by these and other signs that winter is bearing down upon us. Our London squares are nearly denuded of foliage, and

withered leaves are playing hide-and-seek along the railings, and, forgetful of their high descent, are performing all manner of antics and sportive capers in the highway. We are approaching the dull days when the air without may be stirred as with a ladle, and the long evenings, which are liable to be made longer by wearisome stitchings round the table-board, and more wearisome polkas extracted from the cabinet or semi-grand piano—when a frightful chasm is made between the hour of tea and the hour of rest, enlivened only by some friend dropping into it. The days and nights, in short, are approaching which the wheezy resent, and when there is no stirring out to witness a play, or to listen to a prelection on galvanism or gas at "our institution." Should, in these evil days any one desire to have a glimpse of spring, a flower of summer, or a golden ray of autumn, let that one buy or borrow Mr. Thornbury's new book; it is so sunny and genial that one, while he peruses it, will forget to snuff the candle and poke the fire; he will no longer think of fogs and chills without, but will bask in the sunshine that falls upon him within. Then, his art is so artful and his nature so natural, that you are easily disposed to forgive the cheat his pen and pencil sometimes play you. He dashes in his colours with a bold but steady hand. The provoking thing is that you cannot discover how he produces his effects. He is articulate, and you cannot exactly tell wherein lies the force of his articulations. He covers his palette with adjectives of so many contradictory tints that the wonder is how ever he produces a harmonious picture. Yet his trees are verdant, his heaths are brown, his donkeys browse naturally on natural thistles, his gipsies and his beggars look as thievish, as roguish, as tattered, and as picturesque as you could desire them to be. His perspective is correct; his backgrounds are well defined against a clear blue Italian sky, or they melt away between heaven and earth as they should do in a hazy, dreamy Dutch or English sky. Sometimes he gives us a single subject, sometimes a single character—one of Hogarth's thumb-nail sketches; but his great art, as it appears to us, lies in his groupings and contrasts. He hauls, so to speak, a number of oddities and eccentricities into his canvass without making them jostle or allowing them to disturb our notions of propriety. They are not monotonous. They have no resemblance to two of the dullest prints we can at present recollect to have seen—John Wesley preaching before a conference of short-cropped, white-neckclothed ministers; and Arthur Wellesley entertaining a company of sabred, sworded, and epauletted veterans at a Waterloo banquet. In both these instances, to see one character is to see the whole. The pulpit and the pews, the epergnes and candelabra, are the things alone noticeable and distinctive. We would, in justification of the latter observation, direct attention to Mr. Thornbury's "Beggars" only. He flings them neck and crop into his picture, where, after shaking themselves, they take up a natural position. First we have pointed out to us a fat-cheeked, lazy Piedmontese boy, whining, "Charité, mon brave monsieur;" then a begging and praying Italian, who styles you "Eccellenza," in hopes of extracting from your pity half a farthing. At Salerno, the tramping artist is importuned by a blind old fellow, dragged along by a sturdy son, gasping forth "Datemi qualcha cosa;" and at Naples by a hideous, old, three-fingered cripple. "His wife was a leathery hag, with a changeling child tugging at her leathery breast." A Parisian female—"a fiddler, with two wooden legs like cribbage-pegs"—is next introduced; then an aged pair of violinists, an old man and woman who have their place in the vicinity of the Invalides. The woman has "stuffed" a dog to stand on his hind legs and hold a tray in his mouth. The most pleasing character in the piece, standing so contrasted with the leathery woman and the old wrenched violiniste with her doleful hymns, Mr. Thornbury himself shall describe:

"Eccellenza," cried a soft voice at my elbow. It was a little girl dressed in the peasant costume, the flat white panna squared upon her glossy hair, giving her the appearance of a nun. I looked again and saw that she was blind. To her the earth was black and void, a huge grave moving with her—she awoke from darkness to darkness—her sleep was no resurrection, but a change from torpid gloom to an obscurity of pain. She stood there by a dark pillar, which a tinge of lamplight reddened, beautiful as that Madonna of Raphael that I met in the omnibus going to Tivoli. Her language was unconscious poetry. She said, "I

sleep and dream of light, and I awake and it is still night; and day never, never comes." Then she broke out into a hymn to the Virgin, so sweet, so hushed and low, so unsustained by operatic ornament, that I fancied myself listening to an infant St. Cecilia. The voice rose above the hoarse bawlings of the market, and flew straight to heaven. I am well sure that no worshipper in all the thousand churches of Rome sent up that day more acceptable a cry of love and worship. I watched the effect on those that passed. First tripped out a demure nun, her forehead and face rosy, though they were bandaged like a corpse; her broad winged cap of starched and snowy linen fluttering on her head—the beads dangling by her side, intent on the prayer that moved her lips; she passed out, but did not see the child that humbly lifted the heavy matting of the doorway for her passage. Next rolled through a fat priest, his bald head mellow and glossy as an ostrich's egg; his gown was of flannel, with a huge red and blue cross upon his breast. He may be a Cistercian. *Chi sa?* He is counting something on his fingers—perhaps the number of yesterday's courses. He pinches her cheek, but gives nothing. Next comes by a bearded student, evidently a musician, for he carries a violin case; he has a face of genius, dark sombre eyes, and Paganini hair; he listens a moment to her song, cries "Brava!"—hunts for a copper—does not find one—shrugs his shoulders, laughs, and paces on to his opera rehearsal.

We pass from beggars blind, halt, deformed, and squalid, to present a more cheerful and cleaner picture:

#### THE FOUNTAINS OF ROME.

In Rome, fountains meet you at every turn; now they are old carved sarcophagi of strange veined marble, once the spoil of Cairo or of Antioch; half-obliterated wrastlings, or priestly processions adorn the sides, and the water gushes from the dark mouth of a lion or a satyr's mask. Sometimes there are river-gods, with tridents and sea-horses, shagged with dark green moss, and blind and battered with age and insult. Now they are mere jets of glittering water; below, a leaden image, mossy and thunderous; above, perhaps, shines a votive lamp, beneath a daub of the Madonna; in front is an old palace, with its huge grated windows and weed-grown court; and the street has a fantastic name: it is called the "Three Robbers," or "Madame Lucrezia;" now it is a merry run of water, flooding a huge stone tank, where thirty women sing and scrub as they soap away at the Pope's linen. There are fountains beside obelisks, and by church steps, and in market-places, and old forums, and disused circuses.

Here is a whole cabinet of

#### DUTCH PAINTERS.

We are indebted to them for fitting up a fresh chamber in the Palace of Art—a snug fire-lit place, sunset-lit or fire-warmed with Ostade; wintry and bright with Teniers—a strange place, full of disreputable toppers, with ale-mouthed flagons and pewter lids, old beer jugs, and long fathom-deep ale glasses, and short fat pipes, and sabot-clattering dances, and matches of Quilles and fringed drums and banners, crimson and blue. Doves of calm, dappled kine, in quiet, rich meadows, with gleams of level bright canal, and clumps of silvery willows, and bathing glows of Cuyp sunniness, and dashes of white and black-horsed troopers, and flashes of red pistol-smoke, and drifts of jangling troopers, hewing and slashing, and rooms piled up with flowers, and bas-reliefs, and glimpses of a kitchen full of a wealth of brass pans and white-rooted onions, and coming down a dusky winding stairs, a gallant in grey and blue, and a fair Friesland girl, nestled up in a scarlet bodice trimmed with puffy snowy swan's down.

Each of Mr. Thornbury's chapters is a small but well-lighted room, hung round with pictures. You can inspect them as closely as you please without taking them down; and it is no matter which room you may enter first. Begin, if you please, at the last chapter of the second volume and end at the first of the first; or open either volume at random, enter and enjoy yourself with Art and Nature. The "tramping artist," moreover, is a merry man and a pleasant companion wherever he conducts us. He is fond of a joke, he delights in the comic, he revels in the humorous as in a bed of clover, he is constantly poking fun at us. His laugh is loud and clear, and, if he wickedly treads upon our toes sometimes, he makes instant reparation. Still he can be grave when the occasion requires it, tender and sympathising. In his picture of "Stoke Deveril, its Church and Manor House," may be traced a vein of pure religious feeling—tones of love and pity. He enters the churchyard and sketches the yew-tree—the "king and ruler of the dead"—the dark, gloomy

#### YEW-TREE.

Children play round its scaly coppery trunk; but even in bright noon with fear, as they move round elm trees that they hear are to be sawn into coffin planks, and never after twilight, when the white owl is abroad. When they grow old men, the tree's dry snaky roots will creep to their graves, and prey on

them, netting round their burial chests with a thousand twining polypi arms, and they will wrench up the black flat coffin lids, and look in, pitiless, at their sleeping victims, like the snakes that crawl round the pale ghastly face of Leonardo's Medusa with those upturned eyes that haunt you through Florence. The sweet, soft-beaked singing birds, brown and gold, shun the hearse-plume shade of those serpent branches, and feed not on their crimson graveyard fruit. The white dove, soft and maiden-like, will not tell its love to a ghostly ominous tree, that never loved angel or child, sky or earth, and which, cannibal-like, preys upon its fellow-creature, man. It is the raven's home, and the screech-owls' nesting place, and is fitted only for such witches' pets. Cold and silent it stands among the dead, like an old Pagan tenacious of a bygone creed. Its branches stir with no wind symphonies, it stands there for centuries unmoved by Sabbath hymns and the white-robed children's pure voice of praise. It stands there like a penitent and outcast, preaching for centuries of death, though its own leaf dies not, in sun and rain looking up in its own silent way to heaven and the pitying stars, worshipping as if praying, as in a certain dumb agony for utterance. It is the gnarled hard-hearted old father of the forest, alien and outlaw of the green wood, deriding the youth and hope of spring, and the care and witherings of autumn, throwing off disdainfully, yet without a murmur, the sun that scorches the sword of summer and the snows of winter. It seems a deposed monarch deriding the republicanism and the wide levelling of death. It is the fallen angel of the trees.

"Fire Flowers" is a pleasant chapter. The author is not one of those cold-blooded utilitarians who commend a wooden spoon in preference to a spoon of silver, or a horn goblet in preference to one of gold. He enjoyed the fireworks at Paris on the occasion of the celebration of the Peace. He does not say that they were foolish, or expatiate upon wasteful expenditure; but he does expatiate upon their beauty, and admits the utility of such displays. Who but a Parisian grisette would have exclaimed, upon beholding a descending shower of coloured fire: "What a beautiful colour for a dress, Monsieur?" And now a word in favour of grim

#### GUNPOWDER.

The honest use of saltpetre, is not this better, making the angels smile with imitations of the stars, than wasting so much precious dust of the harmless willow and the innocent nitre in burning towns, scorching out barns, blasting cornfields, and reducing villages to cinders. Better this conflagration of bright shillings, than straw trampled to a bloody pulp; mangled men crushed under grinding wheels, or children clinging to starving mothers. This is gunpowder with the sting taken out of it, and turned honest and reasonable. No longer is this hell's plaything, but heaven's marvel; no longer the terror of mothers, but the astonishment of children; no longer the slayer of men, or the toy of kings, but the joy of fools and the mountebank of the people.

Here for the present we must conclude. Our extracts are from the author's first volume. Perhaps we may be permitted to refer to his second volume, wherein he treats of "Nature in Old Ballads," sketches the "Little Attorney of Gray's Inn," and, in his "Library in Rome," "takes off" the heads of certain characters, whose duplicates are to be found in a certain library not far from Russell-square.

*The Treasury of Geography, Physical, Historical, Descriptive, and Political.* London: Longmans and Co. 1856.

This is another of that excellent series of "Treasures" or works of reference designed by the late Samuel Maunders, and a very slight examination will be sufficient to convince any one that it is a most valuable addition to the set. *The Treasury of Geography* was (as the title-page informs us) designed and partly executed by Mr. Maunders, and it has been completed since his death by W. Hughes, Esq., Professor of Geography in the College of Civil Engineers, and well known as the author of a valuable "Manual of Geography." The plan of the work is as follows: first, there are some introductory chapters upon the Science of Geography, the divisions of races, the principles of Physical Geography, and other kindred subjects; next we have the five great divisions of the world described, with minute statistical details as to dimensions, population, and political economy. This great mass of information is rendered available by means of a copious index; and the volume is plentifully supplied with useful maps and well-selected illustrations, taken from the best books of travel which have lately appeared. No one who possesses the former volumes of Maunders' series should lose any time in procuring this.

*The Mormons; or Latter-Day Saints: with Memoirs of the Life and Death of Joseph Smith, the "American Mahomet."* Edited by CHARLES MACKAY. London: Ward and Lock. 1856.

Those who have felt sufficiently interested in the career



of that extraordinary people, the Mormons, to make themselves acquainted with their history, will learn little or nothing from this book; but to those who are still unacquainted with the subject, and desire to have the leading facts of the case laid before them in a comprehensible form, the labours of Dr. Mackay will be welcome and valuable. The only objection we have to the work is, that it admits rather too much of the favourable colouring with which his admirers have adorned the character of that vulgar, sensual scoundrel, Joseph Smith, the *soi-disant* prophet. A more ignoble *vates* it would be impossible to imagine, and we know not whether to admire most, the astonishing impudence with which the fellow put forward his imposture or the ignorance and credulity displayed by his gulls. When a system is based upon roguery and sensuality disguised beneath the cloak of religion, the language in which it is spoken of cannot be too condemnatory; and we could have wished that Dr. Mackay, in preparing a work intended for the perusal of those very classes among whom the imposture is working the greatest amount of mischief, had expressed in plainer and more unmistakable terms the contempt and detestation which the Mormon tenets ought to excite in every well-regulated mind. Of the "forty engravings" which illustrate the volume, we cannot say much. In seven of them the features of Joseph Smith are presumed to be given, but not one of those portraits bears the slightest resemblance to any of the others.

*Essays, Critical and Imaginative.* By Professor WILSON. Vol. II.

THIS second volume of Christopher North's contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine* exhibits quite as much as "The Noctes" the exuberance of animal life with which the Professor was endowed, and which made him revel in physical enjoyment while cultivating the highest intellectual pleasures. The muscle of the man and the dreaminess of the poet are strangely mingled in all his writings. Hercules speaks in one page and Apollo in the next. When he smites as a critic, his words are blows; he is not content with whipping an upstart poet or a conceited "literary gent," he knocks him down. His duels with an antagonist are not polished intellectual combats, the weapons keen, perhaps poisoned; but they are fights with fists, bruising and blood-letting, with no quarter asked or given. This style of magazine-writing has passed away with him, its ablest practitioner; and it would not be endured nowadays if it were attempted to be revived. Nevertheless it is impossible to turn without pleasure to the papers that were thus famous in their time; and they are read with fresh delight, not merely because of their contrast with the tamer productions of our present popular periodicals, but for the exquisite passages of poetry and bursts of true eloquence which continually flash upon us, and give to passing topics a perennial interest. His essays in this volume are the three *Flights* of "Christopher at the Lakes," the finest description of the lake scenery which our language possesses; reviews of Tennyson, Bryant, and Ebenezer Elliott, marked by that sympathy for genius which, to the credit of Professor Wilson, he never permitted his strong party feelings to pervert or conceal; a powerful paper on "The Punishment of Death;" and four essays, under the title of "Anglemania," a discourse ostensibly about angling, but, as was his wont, wandering into every subject which chanced to flit before his mind at the time of writing, without the slightest regard to its connection or disconnection with the subject of his composition. It is a delightful volume.

*The Works of Henry Lord Brougham.* Vol. VII. *Rhetorical and Literary Dissertations and Addresses.* Glasgow: Griffin and Co.

THIS collected edition of the works of Lord Brougham exhibits the marvellous versatility of his genius. Even of those who talk and write about him few are really conscious of the vast range of his researches, and on how many themes he has not only written, but written well. Philosophy, history, science, the classics, polite literature and art, are all indebted to his labours for some valuable addition to their stores. How he has contrived to do so much, even though blessed with so long a life, is a mystery which observation has not enabled us to solve. Here is the seventh volume of his collected works, and what a range of knowledge and thought does it display. First there is the famous Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients; then the Inaugural Discourse on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; then four rhetorical contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, on the Roman Orators, the Greek Orators, English Orators, and Pulpit Eloquence. The discourses on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science and Political Science, written for the "Library of Useful Knowledge," occupy the remainder of the volume. All who are preparing themselves for any pursuit in which eloquence is required of them should study this volume, in which the greatest of living orators discourses of oratory.

*A Half-yearly Course of Reading Lessons in English History.* By RICHARD BITHELL. London: Groombridge and Sons.

THE purpose of this little manual is to teach English

history to young people in a very elementary manner, by combining the historical with the reading lesson. The number of lessons given amounts to seventy-two; and, without being particularly remarkable for style, we may safely say that they contain a great deal of information within a very limited space. Chronological titles are appended, showing the dates of leading inventions and the succession of English Sovereigns.

*Notes of Lessons in their Principles and Application.*

By G. SYDENHAM. London: Longmans. 1856. THIS is an attempt to substitute a rational for the common parrot-like method of teaching by rote. Mr. Sydenham brings experience to the task, seeing that he now holds the post of Master to the Cannock Endowed National School. His method of teaching is by making every lesson a real exercise to the intellect of the scholar; and he effects this by making him work out the results for himself. Mr. Sydenham divides the modes of teaching into the interrogative method, the elliptical method, the lecturing method, the picturing-out method, the illustrative method, and the demonstrative method. Of these, the interrogative is the best, and the lecturing is the worst. The treatise may be read with profit by the teachers of the young.

*The Ancient Workers and Artificers in Metal, from references to the Old Testament and other Ancient Writings.* By James Napier, F.C.S. (London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1856.)—The contents of this little volume are fully indicated in the title-page; it is an ancient history of metallurgy, as known to the Ancients. By the curious in such matters it will be perused with interest.

A third edition of *Carr's History of Greece* has been issued, and it has been very much enlarged and improved, the author having availed himself of the researches of recent historians to present the results to youthful readers in the plain intelligible form that has made his work so popular.

*Short Notes to the Odes, Epodes, Satires, Epistles, and Ars Poetica of Horace.* (Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker.)—A continuation of the valuable set of classical publications now being issued by the Messrs. Parker. To the student of Horace this collection of the best notes extant upon that author must be of infinite service.

*M. Tullii Ciceronis Tusculanarum Disputationum.* (Oxonii et Londini: J. H. et J. Parker.)—Another of the same series. The text of Cicero is given without any notes or commentaries.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

THE *Journal of Sacred Literature* for October contains many interesting papers, both for the Biblical scholar and general reader. "Three months in the Holy Land," by the Rev. S. C. Malan, is a genial account of Bible scenes and places, displaying a fine combination of deep feeling and sound scholarship. "The Divine Law on War and Capital Punishments" exposes the fallacy of the Peace Society arguments. The most recondite paper in the number is probably that on "Clemens Romanus and the Syriac Epistles on Virginity," in which a curious question in Church History is acutely discussed. Much originality of thought pervades a paper on the "Reproduction of Biblical Life, in its bearing on Biblical Exposition," the object of which will appear from the following extract: "The relations of the external world to prophets, apostles, and evangelists is a wide subject, and one which has been by no means neglected in the past. It is the consideration of it which has accumulated the immense amount of materials of Biblical exposition as afforded by the study of nature, of history, and of mankind. In the earliest commentators, among the fathers of the Church, we continually meet with illustrations of Holy Scripture derived from external things, as when we trace an explanation of the rivers of Eden, of the hyssop on the wall, or of some recondite Hebrew word. In more modern times these material facts are collected and arranged by such writers as Calmet, Harmer, or Kitto; so that little remains to be done in the mere accumulating of such helps to the interpretation of the Bible. By some more advanced minds these materials are taken from their use in explaining single texts, and made to throw light on the whole compositions of the sacred writers, as is the case with Messrs. Conybeare and Howson in their labours upon St. Paul, and with Canon Stanley in his recent work on 'Sinai and Palestine.' Still, all these writers, the highest and the lowest, recognise one and the same principle, namely, that the penmen of Holy Scripture made allusions to external things, an acquaintance with which must facilitate our perception of their meaning. But most frequently all external phenomena mentioned or alluded to by the sacred writers are treated solely in an objective manner, as bearing more upon the doctrines they proclaimed than upon themselves. What we now wish to bring before our readers is the degree of influence the external circumstances of their position, of a material kind, may have exerted upon the 'holy men of old, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.'

This consideration is essential if we would really reproduce the life they led, and, by placing ourselves in their stead, view things from their standpoint. For example, the Hebrew writers alluded much to the sea, because they lived near it; and in all ages since, the phenomena of the ocean have been brought forward by expositors as illustrating their figures and emblems. But a deeper kind of investigation will inquire how this sea-coast position moulded the men themselves, as bearing both on their physical and moral nature. A few hints are all we can give on this topic, but, imperfect as they are, they may set our readers thinking, and following out the track suggested for themselves."—It may be necessary to inform some of our readers that this journal was originated by the late Dr. Kitto, and resigned by him a few years back into the hands of Dr. Burgess, the present editor. By the latter a new series was commenced, of which the number before us is the seventh. The large amount of intelligence which the work contains on all matters relating to Biblical inquiry would alone make it worthy of the support both of the clergy and laity.

*Blackwood* opens with a fierce onslaught on "Mr. Ruskin and his theories." Professing great admiration for his writings in general, it makes a vigorous attack upon them in detail; and if Mr. Ruskin were as vulnerable as the critic would persuade us—why, there's an end of him. But we suspect that, in spite of *Blackwood*, Mr. Ruskin will be found in a few weeks as full of life as ever. "A Cause Worth Trying" is a curious narrative of a French *cause célèbre*. "The Scot Abroad" embalms the memories of some Scotchmen who achieved fame in art. "Scandinavia" is a review of some recent tourists to the North. "The Athelings" is continued with unflagging interest. It is the authoress's best fiction.

The *Dublin University Magazine* has a memoir of Gainsborough; a review of Emerson's "English Traits;" a scientific paper on "The Retreat of the Glaciers;" the commencement of a promising novel called "John Twiller;" and a remarkable tale entitled "My Own Funeral"—the best magazine story we have read for some time. These are *inter alia* of lesser note.

*Bentley's Miscellany* has a very interesting historical and statistical account of the newspapers of France, and an equally curious paper describing the French almanacs. A facetious squib, entitled "The Final Ascent of Mont Blanc," fairly ridicules what has become ridiculous. Mr. Ainsworth's romance, "The Spenndrift," is not the least of the attractions of *Bentley*.

*Titan*, under its new editorship and with its new name, is decidedly improved. Besides much pleasant light literature, there are contributions of substantial value, such as "Old Letters," "The Old Books," "Notes and Gleanings in Art and Science," and "Food Waiting to be Eaten"—the appropriate title of a description of the inexhaustible fields open to any comer upon our shores.

The *Eclectic* treats in its sober fashion of Goethe; Ancient and Modern Mathematical Science; Fremont's Travels—made memorable by the contest which their author has waged for the presidency of the United States.

*Putnam's Monthly* discusses the never-ending question, "What is poetry?" No distinct answer is given to it—the only conclusion we can trace being that the lyric is the most popular form of poetry, and that the world is more caught by the sound than by the sense. This is very true; but we are as far as ever from discovering what is poetry. Other papers of mark are on "The Gipsies and their Ways," and "Emerson in England." As usual, the poetry is very much above the average.

The *Ladies' Companion* has another "sporting" picture! What can so inappropriate an adornment mean? But there is a set off, in a more acceptable picture of the fashions. The usual varieties of prose and poetry are presented.

The *West of Scotland Magazine and Review* is characterised by the abundance of its translations, both in prose and verse, chiefly from the German, and very well executed. Hoffman's romance, "Master Martin, the Cooper of Nuremberg," is especially to be noted. Here is an almost unworked mine, which it is surprising that the editors of our magazines do not more often resort to. Good translations of good works would be infinitely preferred by readers to the second-rate productions of "original" writers.

The *Lamp* is an illustrated Catholic journal; well edited.

The *Annals of British Legislation*, for September, edited by Professor Levi, is a very valuable collection of the Parliamentary and other public documents, abridged and classified—the "Blue Books" being carefully analysed, and the substance of the evidence given in a readable form. This work is entitled to the support of all who desire to know the facts on which legislation and government are based.

*Gossip for the Garden* (Houlston and Stoneman), for this month, contains a fund of information of great service to the amateur gardener. A review of the rose bloom of 1856, by Mr. Cranston, of King's Acre Nurseries, near Hertford, will assist in forming an opinion upon the capabilities of many new sorts of that queen of flowers. There is also a good report on seedling dahlias.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CRITIC ABROAD.

Books must give way to babies for an instant—to a word about the small morsels of humanity that twine round our hearts; the little chubby parasites that feed upon our affections without destroying their vitality. Our business is not now with the bell-and-coral babies who slumber on soft couches, and whose slightest pulings receive instant attention, but with the wooden-spoon babies, born into an inheritance of poverty, who may cry for an hour at a stretch, and have no one to heed them. How so many of them grow up into men and women is the only wonder. They are allowed to crawl about, and sprawl about, and tumble about, and nestle in rags and filth. They are dropped from the arms of children-nurses; they roll from the lap of aged crones nearly as helpless as themselves; they topple into draw-wells; they trip under grates, and get half roasted; they are attacked in their cribs by rats, and before now they have been found half devoured by swine. The number of all such accidents is diminished when the poor babies have a mother's superintendence. But poor mothers have often to rise up early and to lie down late, in order to earn a morsel, and the baby is left almost to its shifts. One goes out to the fields, another to the factory, another to perform some drudgery in kitchens or to pursue some occupation in the streets. Cannot something be done, in populous localities at least, for the babies who are made orphans diurnally, and who are too young to toddle to the infant-school? Why not baby-schools, or baby-homes—well-ventilated and well-warmed rooms in crowded neighbourhoods, fitted up with cots or cribs and whatever may be needful for poor wailing helpless babyhood, wherein a working mother, for a small daily fee, might deposit her infant of a morning, pawning it to philanthropy for the day, and withdrawing it of a night? It is not impossible. It has been tried and has succeeded in Paris. There are hard-working mothers in that capital, endowed with womanly tenderness. They have a regard for the life and limbs of the little Achille, or little Eugénie. They give the one or the other the breast in the morning, and then deposit the one or the other in the *crèche*—a large baby-cradle—guaranteeing that they shall supply the infant with mother's milk at mid-day, and reclaim it at night. Meanwhile the baby and babies play with indestructible dolls and other toys, watched over by approved nurse or nurses. They are supplied with food suiting to an infant. Their small wants are attended to. They are kept clear of scalding water and hot cinders. When they can toddle, there is music to entice them to put their little legs in motion; there are pictures to attract their eyes. The poor little things are made happy as the day is long. They are not tormented with any *a b c*, but still they are educated. They acquire, and that speedily, notions of right and wrong. The *crèches* are limited to babies under the age of two years. But now we have to speak of the *crèches* of Russia, enabled to do so through the medium of a German contemporary, "The Magazine of Foreign Literature." In St. Petersburg there is an institution which takes care of the babies of hard-working mothers. It embraces all that is good in the French system, and something more. The *Djetskije Prijuty*—the baby-cradles of St. Petersburg—had their origin in an excellent mother, the Countess Julia Stroganoff, and an excellent man, Anatol Demidoff. On the 16th May 1837 the first *Prijut* was opened in the capital of Russia, under the name of "Helping-Style," their object being to transfer the babe and suckling from muddy lanes into green pasturage—to secure them against the weasel and the wolf. The Paris "cribs" receive only children under the age of two years, and the parent has to pay from five to twenty centimes for their daily board—a matter of twopence a day at the utmost. The Russian *Prijuts* receive children from the age of three to that of ten, as well as children of more tender age. Early in the morning the infants are brought to the *Prijut*, and there they remain all the day. There they are nourished, there fed, and even there clothed, at small expense to their parents; and the best of it is that the

child goes to the *Prijut* without compulsion, hastens to it with delight. The person who can rise betimes, so we read, may see of a morning children hastening through the streets of St. Petersburg, sometimes in groups, sometimes in pairs, in the direction of the *Prijut*. Little sisters may be seen leading smaller brothers, with comic gravity, to this kindly institution. Seldom are grown-up persons seen to guide them. Arrived at the *Prijut*, they cast aside their every-day dress—the ragged coat and clouted shoon—and attire themselves in the dress of the institution, a grey blouse, clean stockings, shoes, and aprons. In winter time, before the business of the day is commenced, the children are treated to a cup of *Sbiten*—honey and hot water—pleasant enough, we dare say, and grateful to young stomachs. The boys then take their places on one side the room; the girls on the other. Until all are assembled they busy themselves with knitting or twine-making. All met at last, the whole school breaks forth in a choral hymn. Instruction in the *Prijuts* consists in the catechism, Bible history, the leading events in Russian history, reading, writing, the first rules of arithmetic, the rudiments of natural history, and teaching in handicrafts. Not to weary the tiny scholars, instruction in a single branch lasts only for half an hour. While busy with their hands their silver voices join in song, the effect of which upon the visitor is stirring. The little fingers even have music in them. At noon the children are called to dine, if a couple of spoonfuls may be called a dinner; but it is to be remembered that they are the children of poor people, and but for the two spoonfuls they might fast. After dinner there is an hour for play, and after that to work again, with renewed singing. Then comes evening. The torn jackets and frocks of the morning are resumed, the patched stockings and clouted shoon; but little maidens depart cheering with ribbons in their caps, and small boys with similar testimonials of good conduct in their button-holes. Every school has its director, chosen from the most eminent physicians of the locality, with a matron and her assistant. Upon the whole, the babies are well attended to. To a certain extent the *Prijuts* resemble our English infant schools, with this advantage, that they take care of those who cannot walk as well as of those who can. The revenue of these institutions is small, but large enough to embrace the majority of Russian children. Let us endeavour to do something for babyhood. It will require willingness on the part of the male sex, and willingness on the part of the female. Our voice may chance to be feeble; but let something be done for the babes of the poor. Better, after all, would be our dame-schools, with their instruction-neglects and defects, than the system which at present prevails.

From the pen of a Finlander, Professor Cygnäus, of Helsingfors, we have a tragedy in five acts, written in the Swedish language—*Hertig Johan's Ungdoms-drömmar* ("Duke John's youth-dreams.") Cygnäus has attained considerable reputation as an author, and his fame is not confined to his native land, where, probably, it would have been confined had he written in Finnish, like his celebrated countryman Runeberg. The present tragedy forms the third part of his *Skuldestycken*, or poetical works. The materials are derived from the history of Finland, and the point of departure is the time when the ambitious Duke John desired to make that country independent of his brother, Eric XIV. of Sweden. He flattered the Finns by upholding their nationality and patronising their language. All the noble youths of the country were greatly attached to him, and supported his designs against his crazy brother, hoping a glorious future for Finland. The year 1563 is that wherein the plot is developed. The Duke has sent the Finlander, Anders Nilsson Sabelfarna, on a private mission, to woo for him Katharina Jagellona, the daughter of the King of Poland, and succeeds so well, that shortly after his return the fair Pole is seen on the coast of Finland. The marriage is celebrated with great rejoicings; but Eric, ever suspicious as well as malicious, has Sabelfarna secretly apprehended, and conducted to Stockholm. He is saved from

the scaffold simply because he has fallen by this time in disgrace with John. Eric now commands John to repudiate his young wife, and as the Duke, naturally enough, refuses, the King proceeds against him with an armed force. John, instead of adopting offensive measures, shuts himself up in his castle at Abo, which, after a stout resistance, is stormed. John is taken prisoner; but his wife is allowed to go free. John is a dashing character, but has few noble qualities, and awakes in the reader very small emotion. His ambition from the first was to win the crown of Sweden—a youth-dream which was realised; and there is strong reason to believe that, after the dethronement of poor crazy Eric, he was guilty of finishing his days by administering poison to him. The real touching and tragical element of the drama resides in a man and woman, in whom are united all that is noble in the Finnish national character. These are Sabelfarna, and the Duke's rejected mistress, Karin Hansdotter. The first, once the devoted adherent of John, who called him his friend and intrusted him with his secrets, made the acquaintance of his early playmate Karin. He introduced her to him at the time when he had "faith in man's honour and human worth." In one of the acts he says to Karin: "He wished that the young duke would love the land like a god, whose future he had introduced;" and he continues, "Therefore I invited him to behold that which I knew as fairest in nature and among the children of men—our native strand, and thee, the crown of its beauty . . . And he came, and saw, and conquered—not as a god, no, but as a lustful ravisher." Karin became the mistress of Duke John, and Sabelfarna is overpowered by grief and compassion for her fate, and is filled with contempt of the villain. It is only the wish to benefit his country by an alliance with Poland that induces him to woo for his master a king's daughter, but with a bitterness of soul which he expresses in a monologue on his return from Poland.

At last I can embrace thee, O, my land!  
My native soil whereon my sires have bled,  
Which oft my mother with her tears hath wet!  
Thou art the same that thou hast ever been:  
Thou true alone in this world of deceit,  
Which like the air doth everything enwrap;  
Let me but cool the fever of my brow  
Upon the dewy pearls that bathe thy face.  
Thou art as peaceful as the thousand graves  
Wherein thou dost receive thy many sons;  
And thou thyself, thou art a single grave!  
Else would I fain into thy bosom pour  
The wild flames which consume this heart of mine.  
Didst thou but drink them thou wouldstst heave and toss,  
Even as heaves in the hot south the earth,  
And then, destroying, from thee fling again  
The fire that thou didst suck out of this breast.  
Thou wouldst destroy those now who walk upon thee  
With heavy tread of guiltiness and crime;  
And then would come a judgment-day for such  
As mercy may not visit till the day,  
Till all receive just judgment from the Judge.  
And I? I would behold this reckoning day—  
This great day of account, and endless rest enjoy,  
When to the humblest on this earth is given  
The justice now denied to me on earth.

Sabelfarna was cruelly entreated, even tortured, in Sweden. The King himself condescended at times to become the executioner of his own sentence. But Sabelfarna had still confidence in John's promise, and that he would resist to the last the surrender of the cause of Finland.

When Finland's duke  
Severs his fate from this dear land, he ends.

This hope is shattered. Karin's broken heart, and the betrayed condition of his country, awake in the soul of Sabelfarna feelings of the deepest revenge. At the instant when Duke John, as a prisoner, steps upon the soil of Sweden, he advances towards him, upbraids him with his perfidy, and attempts to stab him with a dagger. The deadly stroke reaches the heart of Karin. She falls between them, saving in her fall the life of her seducer. This is a notable instance of self-sacrifice, upon which the author dwells with great effect. Indeed, the whole interest of the piece centres in Karin—a self-sacrificing devoted woman. When Duke John with his fair Polish bride leaves the church, Karin not merely joins the cortege, she does more. After Katharina, who witnesses her beauty, asks the Duke whether he knows the maiden, and the latter replies with a doubtful negative, Karin speaks loud and with dignity: "That knowledge you may learn, if

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your Highness commands it." A young courtier observes: "You should not bring your abasement to market." To which she replies: "Have I still delicacy to observe?" The whole play, as a play, is good, and adds greatly to the reputation which Professor Cygnäus has already obtained. It contains passages which would do honour to the stage of any country. Unfortunately, our space permits only of a rapid sketch of its contents.

### Foreign Books recently published.

(Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the *thaler* at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.)

#### FRENCH.

- Eginhard.—Œuvres, traduit en Français. Par A. Teulet. Paris. 18mo. 3s.  
 Feller, F. X.—Biographie universelle, &c. (Universal biography of men who have made a name by their genius, talents, virtues, errors, or crimes, continued to 1856. By the Abbé Simonin). 8 vols. Lyon. 8vo.  
 Fournier, Edouard.—L'Esprit dans l'histoire. Recherches et curiosités sur les mots historiques. Paris. 18mo. 3s.  
 Génin, F.—Récréations philologiques, &c. Tome II. Paris. 8vo. 5s.  
 Hardeuin.—Trésor de vénérie, composé l'an M.CCC.LXXXIV., et publié, pour la première fois, par M. H. Michelant. Metz. 8vo.  
 Hélicourt, Achmet d'.—Léarues d'Arras. Dictionnaire historique, &c. Paris. 8vo.  
 Ibn-Khalidoun.—Histoire des Berbères et des dynasties musulmanes de l'Afrique Septentrionale. (Translated from the Arabic, by the Baron de Slane). Algiers. 8vo.  
 La Combe, de.—Charlet: sa vie, ses lettres, &c. Paris. 8vo.  
 La Fayette, the Countess.—Mémoires de Hollande, histoire particulière en forme de roman. 4th ed. Paris. 16mo.  
 Marmier, X.—Au bord de la Neva, contes russes. Paris. 18mo.  
 Mystère, &c. (The mystery of the birth of our Saviour, a pastoral in four acts, in the Provençal.) Marseille. 16mo.  
 Reynald, H.—Samuel Johnson: Etude sur sa vie et ses principaux ouvrages. Paris. 8vo.  
 Romiguère.—Commentaire de la loi sur les sociétés en commandite, par actions et de la loi sur arbitrage forcé, &c. Paris. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

#### GERMAN.

- Geiger.—Lydia, Ein Bild, &c. (Lydia, a scene of the times of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius). Stuttgart. 8vo.  
 Hefderling.—Geschichte, &c. (History of the Servians and Bulgarians, translated from the Russian). No. I. Bautzen. 8vo.  
 Jurgens.—Studien, &c. (Studies on the Political History of Germany). Bremen. 8vo. 4s.  
 Wallace.—Licht, &c. (Light and Shadows of Asia, Africa, and Europe). 3 vols. Leipzig. 8vo. 12s.

#### AMERICAN.

- Fremont, Col. C. J.—Life of, and Narrative of Explorations and Adventures. New York. 8vo. 5s.

### FRANCE.

*La Religion Naturelle.* Par JULES SIMON. Paris. 1856.

MODERN French philosophers have done much to promote the study and to illustrate the history of metaphysics; but in none of them do we discover any indications of striking or original genius. They are critics, not creators—critics acute and able, yet often shallow, pretentious, and sophistical. Their acknowledged chief, M. Cousin, is mainly a phrasemonger; it would not be altogether unjust to call him a charlatan. A master of style, according to the French notions of style, he has been more successful in popularising metaphysics than perhaps any other writer. What, however, is the result of the popularising process? That the deepest things have disappeared to give place to dazzling dexterities of speech. Unfortunately, the other modern French philosophers differ from M. Cousin only in being somewhat less masters of style. They are not more rich and suggestive in thought, while they are not quite so pleasant to read. One of the most earnest and intelligent is M. Jules Simon, who inspires us with sincere respect, whether or not we may be compelled to find fault with his books. We are sorry that we cannot say much in praise of the present production. We have neither found in it nutriment for the religious life, nor profound metaphysical ideas, nor sinewy grappling with metaphysical problems, nor powerful and eloquent writing. There are simply the old commonplaces about God, providence, immortality, and prayer, seasoned with a thousand fallacies so little ingenious or bold that it would be futile and would seem frivolous to refute them; though we exonerate M. Simon from the intention to bewilder or to deceive. His fallacies have obviously imposed on himself. The design of the work is to convince and to console, and to give a coherent scheme of theology to those who, though rejecting supernatural revelations, are yet unwilling to sink into scoffs and sceptics. This is a very large and a very increas-

ing class; and we cannot thank M. Simon too fervently for the generosity and the courtesy of his approach towards them, when we see every Little Bethel cur biting their heels, as if they were alike lunatics and criminals. Let us honour M. Simon for following a more excellent way. It would have been better, however, most praiseworthy as is his aspiring, if he had limited himself to a triumphant demonstration of the sublime fact that the religious instinct is the human heart's abounding, inalienable, indestructible dower, and that it finds a temple, a home, a banquet for itself, no less in ages of denial and despair than in ages of fecund and miraculous enthusiasm. It would be beyond our province, it would be beside our task, to enter here on the question of supernatural revelations. But, in whatever manner that question is discussed, and to whatever conclusions it may lead, it is certain that all supernatural revelations, all sacred books, take for granted and appeal to the reality of natural religious emotions. The Scriptures speak of the fool as saying in his heart that there is no God; but they do not think it worth while to convince or to confute the fool. The light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world it would be absurd to depict or to claim as the monopoly of the elect. There may be transcendent verities which sacred books and supernatural revelations alone disclose; and glorious may the hopes, the promises, the privileges, be which those books, those revelations array before us. But to religious faculties in the noblest recesses of the soul they constantly address themselves—faculties which, while assuming to purify and teach, they do not likewise assume to plant. Every revealed religion is therefore a professed development and complement of natural religion. In the Epistles of Paul the recognition of natural religious principles is always a leading part of his argument; which shows how carelessly they have read the Scriptures who contend for the entire depravity of man. But though we believe in, and though all sacred books and supernatural revelations recognise, the religious instinct, we think it extremely unphilosophical and extremely perilous to condense and organise natural religion into a body of doctrine. We should, without attempting a dogmatic exposition of what refuses to be chained and circumscribed by dogma, throw him who rejects revealed religion on the fullness and ardour of his own feelings; and when these feelings are fairly kindled let him build up for himself a system, if system he yearns for. But for the most part he would not yearn for a system; he would be simply inclined to dwell on the God within him with mystic ecstasy, and to gaze enchanted on the God without him in his mantle of beauty. If, instead of rousing and presenting sustenance to his religious instinct, you strive to make him accept a body of doctrine apart from and not resting on Revelation, you encounter difficulties more formidable than those that rebel hands have rolled against Revelation itself. The sole difficulty connected with Revelation is the possibility of miracle as a chasm and a caprice in universal creation. If miracle in this sense is possible, then everything else in Revelation becomes easily credible, overwhelmingly convincing. But in natural religion as a body of doctrine every step is a labyrinth or an abyss. There is no question that has ever been debated in the schools which must not again be debated if your body of doctrine is to shape itself into organic consistency; and from organic consistency to vigorous movement, joyous radiant life, how vast the distance. We marvel, therefore, that Bishop Butler's "Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion" has been viewed with so much favour, seeing that the reasoning against miracle can only be logical, while the reasoning against the facts, though not the fact of natural religion is metaphysical, and therefore infinitely deeper. Most men believe in miracle from a necessity of their constitution; but any man in whom this necessity is feeble, is really not obliged in justice to say more than that he believes not, and conceives not that miracle can physically be. If Christian Apologists are able to show that miracle can physically be, they need not proceed farther, as they are so often inclined and accustomed to do. We have distinguished between the facts and the fact of natural religion. The facts are more or less assailable: the fact is beyond all weapon of attack. Now, while M. Simon does not make the fact fresher and more beautiful, which would have been a grand and

lasting service, he has rendered the facts more assailable than they were before. Indeed, if we wished to leaven a human bosom with the most incurable scepticism, we should use this treatise as fittest for our purpose. For instance, how sublime is the idea of immortality. M. Simon, however, complicates it with all the objections which have been or which can be hurled against Providence. He maintains, with an audacity and a pertinacity which we know not whether more to detest or to deplore, that immortality is demanded as a vindication of God. We protest against the degrading notion. We abhor huckstering in the affairs of religion. If the future life is but a storehouse of rewards and punishments, then why limit your gaze to man? Every flower, every tree, every blade of grass, every insect, every one of the lower animals, must be brought from the tomb of the past to be weighed in the scales of everlasting justice, and to receive lavish recompense or terrible penalty. How different the fate of two violets—the one feasting its fill of the dews and expending its odours in return, and stretching its sweet existence to old age; the other plucked or trampled on, or withered, the moment it bursts from the earth. How different the fate of two oaks—the one flourishing majestically to the last, and noble even in decay; the other blasted by the lightning ere it has had time to gather strength and glory. One blade of grass attempts to grow by the side of the highway, but is crushed by a cruel wheel or a careless foot; another grows far in the wild where sister blades are growing, and where sun cannot scorch, beast ravage, or man destroy. One insect has for dower a long, lovely summer; another is killed by the cold the very hour it starts into being. One elephant is shot as it roams unheeding with its free and happy companions, or is caught and condemned to drudgery and blows that cease not; another becomes the favourite of an Oriental prince, is luxuriously housed, luxuriously fed, and, as it marches abroad flaunting its gorgeous trappings in the blaze of a tropical clime, is almost as much honoured as its master. Do we reproach God for these and the like differences? Far from it. Do we see in them anything to perplex? Assuredly not. But they will immediately begin to shriek from every point of time, from every point of space—they will be loud and fierce in their accusations against Deity—if the costermonger notions of M. Simon in reference to immortality are allowed to be true. We have essayed, though in most fragmentary fashion, to achieve an entire revolution in philosophy, by giving prominence to the idea of Life. We do not despair of seeing that idea triumph over all others, and especially over those meagre and mitigated scholasticisms of which M. Simon is a notable champion. Apply the idea of life to immortality, and you need no sophist's weapon, no sophist's buttress. God is life: life is God—so said the oldest sages, so said the oldest sacred books; so said the spontaneous worship of the human soul. But what is our religious relation towards God the Universal Life? Surely the tendency to merge ourselves more and more in Him; not the tendency to assert a defiant personality. Merging ourselves more and more in God, no foreboding of death ever overshadows our thoughts. We have only the feeling that, dwelling in God with intenser and intenser identity, thus should we ever dwell. He has not yet reached religious perfection, to whose meditations death in any shape is ever present. Indeed, if we wished to define the super-eminently religious man, we should speak of him as one who had an exulting sense of life in the universal life, in the living God. M. Simon would lead us astray in respect to prayer just as much as in respect to immortality. You can neither reason for prayer nor against it, since it is infinitely above reasoning. Prayer is the breath of our life towards the universal life, the life boundless and eternal! It is as preposterous in M. Simon to insist on prayer as an obligation as to defend it from supposed inconsistency with the divine decrees. If the human breast yearns and burns for its God, why say that it ought to burn and to yearn? Duty begins only where emotion ends, or is insufficient. But the religious emotion perennially superabounds in the communities of men; and therefore to discourse of, to seek to impress, religious duties is to harden and narrow an opulent affection into a moral act. In exclusively moral acts, on the contrary, it is exclusively moral duties which we should portray and urge. In the writings of the ancients we know not that there is ever a single

allusion to religious duties; but so much the more do moral duties stand out clear, lofty and unbending. As to the connection between prayer and the divine decrees, why should any bosom potent, prolific in prayer ever glance at it? In prayer it is the hunger and thirst of our own deepest and warmest nature that we have to satisfy, not the character and government of God that I have to vindicate. I do not pray as a philosopher, I pray as a man, with my burdens, my weaknesses, my sorrows, my sins, and my remorse. If in praying I am guilty of a thousand contradictions, when tried by your fine philosophical theories, I am not ashamed of the contradictions; I rather rejoice in them, as proving the reality and fervour of my devotion. If you pester me with your pedantries about law, I reply that the strongest of all laws is the law, the instinct, which compels me to pray. M. Simon is alarmed, lest people in praying should not keep up the dignity of prayer; they should not pray about trifles, and they should not pray for trifles! But who is to determine for another, in the conflicts, the tragedies, the sickly phantasies of that other, what is a trifle and what is not? Each of us who prays to God believes that God is specially his God—specially near—specially loving—specially almighty to bless and to save. And where would refuge for those who err and for those who mourn be, if that belief were not innate and indestructible? We have known some holy men who, drawing ever and ever nearer to God, yet considered it wrong to pray. They had crushed themselves into a habitual resignation in which all individual will was annihilated. We could not help seeing a state of mind here wholly and deplorably unnatural. It was attempting to set a certain dogma of Deity above the Deity; it was forgetting the entirely childlike nature of adoration; it was as false as the Stoic's denial of pain because he had taught himself that pain could be heroically borne, and because he had learned to bear it heroically. It is amusing to see M. Simon, throughout his treatise, reproaching others for striving to explain too much, when the treatise itself consists of nothing but ambitious endeavours to explain those profoundest things which can never be explained, and for which the heart, unless bewildered and corrupted by a sophistical philosophy, never yearns for an explanation. Whatever is most mysterious in faith has for basis the recognition of our own stupendously mysterious individuality. From the mysteries I encounter on the threshold of my own being, I am led to all other mysteries; and if I do not reverence the mysteries of my own being, no other mysteries can I really reverence. Who, then, are chiefly chargeable with the violation of mysteries the most sacred, the most sublime? Is it not the psychologists and the dialecticians? They first drag forth to the light of common day the Holy of Holies within me, and then they offer lip service, and ask me to offer lip service, to the Holy of Holies in creation. M. Simon is, in this respect, no wiser and no better than the other dialecticians and psychologists. Analysed by him and analysed by myself, illuminated by him and illuminated by myself, and every minutest morsel of me tossed about as a plaything in the hands of the Platonists, the men of abstractions, I am yet, analysed, murderously shone upon, dismembered, a poor mutilated thing, to hang a veil of adorable darkness round the throne of the Infinite! Not so, M. Simon. The Schekinah of beauty in my bosom must be the centre of that vaster Schekinah whose glory is unspeakable. The worship of my highest self is the very opposite of self-idolatry. He who is his own idol has never had the ideal of what he ought to be, the dream of what, as hero or as saint, he might be. Sages or sophists have told us to know ourselves: it is a fatal counsel. More salutary is the counsel which urges us to venerate in ourselves what must ever remain unknown. Now, strangely enough, M. Simon considers the counsel as equivalent to the aim and the effort to elucidate the whole divine essence, the whole divine procedure. This statement is not lightly made; and in making it we do not accuse M. Simon either of stupidity or of intentional misrepresentation. But it is singular that he should on the one hand reprobate certain opponents for plunging into mysticism, and on the other should condemn them as audaciously seeking to explain every portion of God's nature and of God's doings. It is the slavery to system which ensnares M. Simon—a man so honest and so intelligent—into these blunders; and he is so

much the slave of a system that he is unable to imagine profound thinkers who are not the slaves of a system. This renders the book so valueless as a contribution to thought. The profoundest thinkers have risen far above systems to a region where purest meditation, most fruitful phantasy, and warmest love, were alike instructors. For a time fettered by the systems of others, then for a time the thralls of systems created by themselves, they finally conquered the ecstatic freedom which the Omnipotent gives to us on the simple condition that we become as little children. Nurtured himself in the schools, M. Simon combats only those who have been nurtured in the schools. He sends forth naked idea to fight naked idea, or rather he sends forth a skeleton to fight a ghost. But suppose the ghost takes flesh and blood, has the glow of health on its cheek, the stamp of a demigod on its brow, radiance and vigour and grace in all its limbs, and is gorgeously apparelled—why, instead of flying from it in terror, should we not clasp it with rapture to our bosom? M. Simon would fain frighten us with Parmenides, Plotinus, and Spinoza. Let us send these and other bugaboos to the owls and to the bats; what then? May not that be religiously, poetically, metaphysically true which is logically indemonstrable? All systems emanating from the schools are either theisms professedly or theisms disguised. The systems taught by Parmenides, Plotinus, and Spinoza were theisms disguised; it is foolish, therefore, for the professed theisms to quarrel therewith. Then is there essential distinction, and not before, when life is viewed as more inclusive than mind. When Spinoza discovered in the universe but two things, thought and extension, was he not as much a theist as those who, totally unacquainted with his history and his works, and never having read a word of the latter, charitably call him atheist?—it being a conscientious custom with certain vulgar, vapouring people to damn those with the heartiest relish whom they have had least opportunity of knowing anything about. This charitable duty, of course, they fulfil for the glory of God, and not at all from vanity or bigotry. Let us not confound M. Simon with the contemptible persons who estimate their Christianity by the number of great men they hate and vilify. But, shut up in the schools, M. Simon is almost as ignorant as those calumniators of the actual religious wants of the world, and of the mode in which they are seeking expression and food. The march of the world at present is toward the symbolic and the poetic in religion, with an absolute disregard of theism and pantheism too as scholastic formulas. No opulently religious soul is in these days either theist or pantheist, in the scholastic meaning of the words. M. Simon's refutation of pantheistic ideas is therefore so much ammunition fired at the moon. Our longings for the symbolic and the poetic in religion still survive and are unsatisfied. Yet are they instinctively finding for themselves the noblest and the amplest repast. The entire impulse of the Anglican, the Roman Catholic, and of most other Christian Churches, has of late years been toward the symbolic and the poetic in religion. Why such passionate pleading for the doctrine of the Real Presence? Why are the piety and affection of mankind crowning the head of the Virgin with a more celestial lustre than it ever wore! Is this the mere rushing back to obscurantism and superstition? No; it is the beginning of a mighty and most positive movement—something truer and grander than a reaction. Dogmatism is dying, and the symbolic, the poetic, the mystic in religion, are taking its place. Science is also undergoing a marvellous transfiguration. There was a general fear that the victories of science would be fatal alike to poetry and religion. But both in its discoveries and in its practical applications science is tending to enrich poetry and to enlarge the domain of religion. This result is only hindered when the foolish and the timid, with a drivelling despotism, wrench poetry and religion into an external harmony which generates an internal antagonism. Why, however, should we bow to the dictation, or accept the aid, of those whose career is a long carnival of fussiest imbecility, and who are continually agitating for those small reforms in England which hinder the great? Not only is science, left to itself and with no theological mountebanks or theological blockheads to interfere with it, enlarging the dominion of religion, but it is clothing itself with that symbolism

which is religion's most royal robe. Is not also the taste which is so rapidly spreading for natural history eminently a religious taste? In some the indulgence of the taste may be an affectation or a pastime; but among many more there is the earnest longing to detect and to claim affinity with the spirit of love throbbing in the minutest animal, and the spirit of beauty glowing and glittering in the minutest shell. And are not they who are thus attracted toward Nature disposed, while admiring her magnificence, to read her symbolical language, and to learn therefrom the highest wisdom? What are the books, moreover, with which the religious soul now delights to commune? Not books of edification and devotion alone; but the lives of mystics, the productions of mystics, and the history of all religions. And is there not, expressed or unexpressed, in the awed and panting breast of the nations the presentiment of some fresh and prodigious outpouring of Deity? Now, in all these heavings and manifestations of the religious idea at which we have glanced, how little trace will M. Simon behold of dogma either theistic or pantheistic, or of ought but the glad pang, the sacred and unutterable fever, of desire for a new Apocalypse of the Omnipotent Father.

In spite of the objections which we have unwillingly arrayed against M. Simon's volume, there may be persons to whom it might prove more entertaining and profitable than it has been to us. They who are persuaded, as M. Simon himself is persuaded, that reason, human reason, both demands and can be the architect of a religion, will meet in the work with much alike to gratify and satisfy. It is as good a gospel of rationalism as any other. But is not a gospel of rationalism a contradiction in terms? Assuredly it is. It is man's whole nature that seeks God, and not a part of his nature only. The Germans have succeeded in establishing a distinction between reason and understanding—a distinction of undisputed truth and of supreme philosophical importance. But, though reason is far more comprehensive, far more a believer, than understanding, yet faith and piety are not its primary attributes, its primary needs. Reason is self-poised, self-sufficing in calm, commanding contemplation. It cannot do what passion, affection, phantasy, are all required to do. And the more Christian sects have taken reason for a guide—reason sage, severe, and cold—the more they have been feeblenesses and failures. Perhaps M. Simon has said for reason, as the builder of a temple for the Unseen One, the utmost that can be said. Those who can gain nothing from the book as a book cannot fail to profit from the admirable spirit in which it is written. M. Simon is frank and bold, is no pleader for compromise; but he is so genial, so generous, so magnanimous, that we are always inclined to offer him our esteem and love before hinting our dissent from his statements and conclusions. He is a worthy teacher of his countrymen. We hope he will speedily furnish us with the opportunity of passing judgment on something which we can more heartily commend than the present production, whose fault is to forget all through those storms, and whirlwinds, and earthquakes, and volcanic outbursts, by which God regenerates the world. ATTICUS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Nov. 12.

*The Coming Season*—Books promised—*Memoirs of an Ex-Minister and his Times*—*Distress in Paris*—*Proposition to feed the Parisians with Horse-flesh*, by M. Saint-Hilaire—*Early Winter*—*New Opera*, "La Rose de Florence."

Books are out of place, for Paris has been widowed of its public for the last two or three months, and it is only the chilling winds and angry skies of November that have unexpectedly driven some of the wanderers home to their mansions in town. We are, however, promised a busy winter in the literary way. A new romance, a comedy, and a volume of poems, are said to be nearly ready by Victor Hugo; another volume of comedies and dramas by M. Alfred de Musset, who is once more, like Richard, "himself again." A historical essay by M. Guizot on the French Revolution is also talked of, but I should question his touching upon such a subject. That he is now engaged on a serious work there is no doubt. Another statesman, or at least another minister, of Louis-Philippe is said to be engaged upon notes for the materials of memoirs of his own times. If this were true, it would indeed be the book of the season, or rather of the age, for the writer in question has seen much more than most men, and been behind the scenes upon the most important occasions. When the rumour was first mentioned, the contemplation of such a publication was set down as impossible; but on reflection, as the clever writer in question has



always been remarkable for his indiscretion, it is now deemed probable. Were he but to write truly and acquaint the world with all he knows, what a picture would his work present of modern France!

The question of the day still continues to be, "How are people to live in Paris?" for, in spite of the vigilance of the police to keep our purveyors honest, to punish the adulterations of wine, to prevent rascally butchers, bakers, and grocers, from cheating the public by fraudulent weights and all other kinds of knavery, the cost of living increases monthly; and the English families who used formerly to visit Paris for a year or two with views of economy, are now but too happy to betake themselves back again to London in all haste, to get rid of the atrocious expense.

The attempt to cheapen butchers' meat by dividing it into categories has simply enabled all that lucky class of the community boldly to demand by law a certain price for their merchandise, which before they dared not venture to do, from the natural effect of competition. Now, as all butchers are obliged to charge alike, the only contest among these worthy fellows is, which can more cleverly substitute a second category for a first—a kind of legerdemain in which they have become such proficient, that their unfortunate *pratiqués*, in some cases with tears in their eyes, have supplicated them to break the law and return to their ancient mode of cheating, which, though certainly not agreeable, was a far less barefaced operation than the present, and much less costly to the consumer.

In this awkward dilemma one of our most noted savans, M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, has stepped forward to the rescue and published a treatise in favour of eating horses. These animals, that philosopher declares, are capable of furnishing food for the million, in every respect equal to beef, whether for roasting, boiling, broiling, or making soup. M. Saint-Hilaire—like Dr. Kitchener, whose cookery-book is known to all the world—writes from experience, and recommends nothing in the shape of horseflesh which he has not himself eaten of. After recounting various experimental banquets which have taken place at Lyons, Toulouse, Paris, and other parts of France, the worthy Member of the Institute describes a repast of which he was the Amphitryon. He says that, being in July last at the veterinary establishment at Alfort near Paris, he possessed himself of the fillet and other portions of a horse which had been killed; and, with a view carefully to examine and report upon the result, took them to his own house, where a few *convivés* were duly summoned to pronounce their fiat, all eminently qualified to give their opinion. That opinion was that it would be impossible for any person, not previously acquainted with the fact, to detect the least difference between a fillet of roast beef and a fillet of horseflesh. Boiled it was equally good; the taste of the soup he seems to prefer; as for the soup, says our gastronomic savant, "le bouillon qu'il donne est d'un goût excellent, avec un arôme spécial très agréable." After some further compliments to the alimentary qualities of horse-flesh, M. Saint-Hilaire rather startles some of his readers by insisting on the fact that poor old worn-out animals—"tranchons le mot, de véritable roses"—furnish excellent meat! Those that have supplied the materials of the above-quoted experiments, he declares, have been selected from horses of sixteen to twenty-three years old. One of the youngest, sixteen years, had been sold to a knacker for the sum of fifteen francs, and was found to be excellent meat. The writer proceeds to state that the investigations of the faculty prove that, in point of wholesomeness, this food is not inferior to beef or mutton; and, by calculation of the number of horses killed every year incapable of further labour, in comparison with the quantities of meat consumed, goes on to show that this addition to the general food of the community would amount to about a sixth of the quantity of beef and pork at present furnished to the public, and would, of course, prove a most important and economical addition to the food of the poorer classes.

Admitting the truth of all that the writer lays down—though it surely seems difficult to believe that no difference can be detected between the taste of a piece of horseflesh, of the venerable age mentioned by M. Saint Hilaire, and a piece of fine ox beef—certain it is that the feeling of the public even of the poorest classes, call it prejudice if you will, must prevent the adoption of such a substitution as that urged by M. Saint-Hilaire. One thing is, however, certain, that the labouring classes, masons, carpenters, &c., make not the slightest scruple in devouring *cats*, which they consider a delicacy, at least equal to a hare or a rabbit. This is so well known that no careful housewife, who entertains the least regard for her Grimaldine, will suffer it to pass the threshold outwards, while workmen of this description are employed in the vicinity. It must be added that *nos braves* of the Grand Army are also strongly suspected of a weakness of this kind. It would not, therefore, be very surprising if the doctrines of the writer and his friends were to find favour among this portion of the community. In various towns of Germany, including the capitals, Vienna and Berlin, the sale of horseflesh for food is legally recognised. In Baden, an order of the police prohibits the slaughter of any horse for this purpose

without previous examination by a veterinary surgeon, who accords or refuses the authorisation. The cooks of Baden have a high reputation—*tant mieux*; but it makes one shudder to think what your English fashionables may have dined upon, under the notion that they were partaking of the best German beef! In Vienna, at first, the prejudice was so strong that disturbances took place among the populace to prevent the assembling of the scientific company who met to partake of the experimental dinner in that city; but, in the year following, the sale of this strange article of food was immense, the consumption amounting to 70,000lb. a month. Its price to the consumer is three halfpence or twopence a pound; and in Hamburg, Stuttgart, and various towns in Saxony, Hanover, Switzerland, &c., the consumption is great, and augmenting largely. With these facts before one, which are fully set forth by M. Saint-Hilaire, it will not be very surprising if, in the present season of prevailing distress in France, the example of Germany should be partially followed; but, notwithstanding the depraved tastes of the French populace, as shown in the examples mentioned above, it must, I think, only be the direst necessity that will force them to an alternative which, notwithstanding the eloquent pleading, able statements, and certainly benevolent views of the writer (the substance of whose pamphlet I have thus laid before you), cannot be regarded, in my opinion, without uncontrollable disgust.

So much for horseflesh! The weather has been unusually severe, and winter is approaching in its most disagreeable guise—wet, mud, and discomfort. Like all evils, it has its attendant good, for it is sending crowds to their domiciles in Paris, to the great joy of the tradespeople of all descriptions, who have been complaining loudly of the inactivity of business.

The theatres are doing nothing wonderful. We have just had a pretty little opera, *La Rose de Florence*, the composition of M. Biletta, a young Italian of distinguished merit, I believe well known in England. Their Majesties came from St. Cloud, on Monday, to attend the first representation, and the Empress, always amiable and kind, was the first to commence applauding at every *morceau* of merit during the night. It is a work of captivating beauty, melody after melody floating to the ear with fascinating sweetness, and not crushed under the clanging and clashing of the orchestra, which is the disease of modern music. M. Biletta will take a high place among the few real musical spirits of the day. Mlle. Piccolomini has arrived, and is already the reigning star of the capital; people neither speak nor think of any one else.

## AMERICA.

*The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. With illustrations. Written from his own dictation by T. D. BONNER. 8vo. London and New York. 1856.*

THE free life of the desert, as a perpetual servitude to daily dread and ceaseless struggle has been falsely called, has ever had a strange fascination for wild and wayward youth. The Bedouin, the Gipsy, and the robber of the German forests, have severally had their amateur attendants; but circumstances have carried the largest crowd of these renegades from civilisation to the prairies and hunting-grounds of the Red Men of North America. When the outskirts of those vast regions were first planted by the white men of Europe, the habits of life those settlers in the wilderness were constrained to adopt insensibly assimilated them to the adjacent savages; and no wonder, therefore, that when the youthful or erratic felt galled by the fetters which a lingering sense of religion and propriety imposed upon them they fled at once to savagery for an anticipated emancipation from every restraint. The earlier of those refugees had already had so hardy a training in their own backwoods that the trapper readily became an Indian brave, and felt, perhaps, no inconvenience in the change. But in later years how many of these impatient enthusiasts for an imaginary freedom found too soon only a sad servitude, or sunk under their seasoning for savage life; how many slunk back on the first opportunity to the rude homes they had abandoned, or perished miserably in the wilderness; how few lived long enough to taste even transiently the liberty they had longed for! Accounts have been published from time to time of the experiences of these adventurers, more or less authentic, but none sufficiently ample and accurate to satisfy the curiosity so commonly felt to look into the real life of the Red Man. We have here before us the recorded adventures of a very remarkable individual of the erratic race above alluded to, and,

as far as we can ascertain, an authentic narrative, of which we offer a brief abstract.

The editor professes to have taken the narrative from the lips of Beckwourth himself, whom he met with in California in the winter of 1854-5, and there is nothing in the published pages to induce us to conclude that the narrative is a figment.

James P. Beckwourth was born at Fredericksburg, in Virginia, in the year 1798; his father had been a major in the American War of Independence. When James Beckwourth was about seven years old his father, with all his family and twenty-two negroes, removed to St. Louis, Missouri, where he selected a section of land situated between the forks of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, twelve miles below St. Charles, and still known as "Beckwourth's Settlement." At the period referred to, 1805-6, the West was a howling wilderness, roamed over by the wild beast and equally wild Red Man. St. Louis was a small town almost wholly occupied by French and Spanish traders, who exchanged cheap and worthless trinkets, fire-water, and other commodities of civilisation, with the Indians for peltry. In those primitive days the Major's son was apprenticed to learn the useful trade of a blacksmith, one well calculated to develop his muscles and fit him for his subsequent career of adventure and action. James in his nineteenth year had a tiff with his master, runs away, and when counselled by his father to return to his employment, positively refuses, and his forgiving parent fits him out for travel with 500 dollars, a good horse, saddle, and bridle. James joins an expedition to treat with the Sac Indians respecting some mines then in their possession. During the negotiations our young adventurer cultivated the acquaintance of the Indians, with whom he presently became a favourite, and thus improved his skill as a hunter. After a few months' residence near the mines and a short trip to New Orleans he returned to his paternal home, and engaged in General Ashley's Rocky Mountain Fur Company as hunter and trapper. This General Ashley appears to have been an adventurous trader in the far West when peltry of a costly kind was procurable from the simple-minded Indians for any worthless gewgaws, and shortly accumulated a handsome fortune, which he retired to St. Louis to enjoy with a young wife. Beckwourth accompanied this General Ashley, with whom he deservedly became a favourite, having repeatedly saved his life at the risk of his own upon several expeditions beyond and among the Rocky Mountains, and at last leaves his employment in the following strange manner. One of Beckwourth's companions, named Greenwood, who had married a Crow wife, and could speak the Crow language fluently, told a party of that tribe *en badinage* that Beckwourth, whose skill and courage as a hunter the Indians had been praising, was himself a Crow who had been stolen in his childhood and carried among the pale-faces, by whom he had been brought up. The ingenious fibber laid the time of Beckwourth's abduction at a period when the Crows really suffered an enormous loss, and the simple-minded Indians, believing every word the vagabond uttered, immediately said that he must be restored to his native tribe, and, departing for their encampment, disseminated the news that a lost Crow was found.

All the old women who remembered the defeat when the Crow lost 2000 warriors and a host of women and children, with the ensuing captivity, were wondering if the great brave was not their own child; thereupon ensued the greatest anxiety to see me and claim me as a son.

A few days after, by a casualty common enough in prairie life, Beckwourth was opportunely captured by a party of Crows, whom, probably, he did not attempt to evade, knowing his companion's fiction, and, having parted finally from his trapping comrades, was borne to a Crow village.

My capture was known throughout the village in five minutes, and hundreds gathered around the lodge to get a sight of the prisoner. In the crowd were some who had talked with Greenwood a few weeks before. They at once exclaimed, "That is the lost Crow, the great brave who has killed so many of our enemies. He is our brother." [We may break upon Beckwourth's narrative to remark that he had actually been engaged with some Black Feet Indians, enemies to the Crows.] This threw the whole village into commotion; old and young were impatient to obtain a sight of the "great brave."

Beckwourth gives a long and graphic account of his examination by a jury of matrons, and his

final, *alias* fancied, recognition by an old woman who had lost a son many winters ago. He is hurried by the ladies to the lodge of "Big Bowl," the husband of his delighted mother.

My father knew me to be his son: told all the Crows that the dead was alive again, and the lost one was found. He knew it was fact: Greenwood had said so, and the words of Greenwood were true; his tongue was not crooked; he would not lie. He also had told him that his son was a great brave among the white men, that his arm was strong; that the Black Feet quailed before his rifle and battle-axe; that his lodge was full of their scalps which his knife had taken; that they must rally round me to support and protect me; and that his long-lost son would be a strong breastwork to their nation, and he would teach them how to defeat their enemies.

Beckwourth's athletic frame, prairie habits, skill with Indian weapons, and dauntless courage, rendered him, *per se*, a desirable acquisition to a tribe; and therefore, perhaps, they the more easily believed what they wished to be true.

At any rate, he is adopted by collateral relatives as readily and cordially as by father and mother; his sisters divested him of his old garments and replaced them with new ones, most beautifully ornamented according to their latest fashion. When "my toilet was finished to their satisfaction, I could compare in elegance with the most popular warrior of the tribe when in full costume." His father, after ascertaining his son's wishes, demands the hand of a daughter of one of the greatest braves for his son. The three daughters offered for selection—all, according to Beckwourth, very pretty girls—were named Still Water, Black Fish, and Three Roads. The one bearing the auspicious name of Still Water was selected.

My brothers made me a present of twenty as fine horses as any in the nation—all trained warhorses. I was also presented with all the arms and instruments requisite for an Indian campaign. My wife's deportment coincided with her name; she would have reflected honour upon many a civilised household. She was affectionate, obedient, gentle, cheerful, and apparently quite happy. No domestic thunder-storms, no curtain lectures, ever disturbed the serenity of our conjugal lodge [oh, fortunate renegade!] I speedily formed acquaintance with all my immediate neighbours, and the Morning Star (which was the name conferred upon me on my recognition as the lost son) was soon a companion to all the young warriors in the village. No power on earth could have shaken their faith in my positive identity with the lost son. Nature seemed to prompt the old woman to recognise me as her missing child, and all my new relatives placed implicit faith in the genuineness of her discovery. What could I do under the circumstances? Even if I should deny my Crow origin, they would not believe me. How could I dash with an unwelcome and incredible explanation all the joy that had been manifested on my return—the cordial welcome, the rapturous embraces of those who hailed me as a son and brother, the exuberant joy of the whole nation on the return of a long-lost Crow, who, stolen when a child, had returned in the strength of maturity, graced with the name of a great brave, and the generous strife I had occasioned in their endeavours to accord me the warmest welcome? I could not find it in my heart to deceive these unsuspecting people and tear myself away from their untutored caresses. Thus I commenced my Indian life with the Crows. I said to myself, I can trap in their streams unmolested, and derive more profit under their protection than if among my own men exposed incessantly to assassination and alarm. I therefore resolved to abide with them, to guard my secret, to do my best in their company and in assisting them to subdue their enemies.

One recollection appears to have disturbed the serenity of Beckwourth's satisfaction, and that was the thought of a "lonely one" whom he had left pining at St. Louis under a promise of marriage. Beckwourth affirms that "my thoughts were constantly filled with her;" but we will replace his rapturous declamation about his beloved Eliza with the plain statement that he had seven wives at once while a Crow brave—one of whom he knocked down with his war-club and killed, as he and all the by-standers believed, but who subsequently crawled to her home.

James Beckwourth, whether in his character of a Crow chief, or as a free and enlightened citizen of the States, has a truly national faith in the efficacy of the almighty dollar.

Experience (quoque he, didactically) has revealed to me that civilised man can accustom himself to any mode of life when pelf is the governing principle—that power which dominates through all the ramifications of social life and gives expression to the universal instinct of self-interest.

That Mr. Beckwourth does not confine himself to the theory of self-interest, but systematically

acts upon it as his sole avowed governing motive, is proved by a thousand admissions from his own lips. Take the following choice example of an incident which occurred before he had joined the Crows, before he could plead the contamination of Indian companionship in extenuation of his many mercenary murders. For cool audacity it is perhaps unparalleled.

I prepared my traps one day, thinking to go out alone and see what my luck might be; I mounted my horse, and on approaching a small stream dismounted to take a careful survey, to see if there were any signs of beaver. Carefully ascending the banks of the stream, I passed over and saw not a beaver, but an Indian. He had his robe spread on the grass, and was engaged in freeing himself from vermin, with which all Indians abound. He had not seen or heard me; his face was toward me, but inclined, and he was intently pursuing his occupation. Here, thought I, are a gun, a bow, a quiver full of arrows, a good robe, and a scalp. I fired my rifle: the Indian fell over without uttering a sound. I not only took his scalp but his head. I tied two locks of his long hair together, hung his head on the horn of my saddle, and, taking the spoils of the enemy, hurried back to camp.

This savage murderer was not an Indian brave, but a citizen of the States, employed as a trader under General Ashley by the American Fur Company; and this man prided himself on his knowledge of Christianity, and looked down upon the Red Men as irreclaimable savages, to be unsparingly doomed to extermination by a civilised race. Alas! poor human nature! "I celebrated Christmas by myself, as the Indians know nothing about the birth of our Saviour, and it was hard to make them understand the nature of the event." Did Mr. Beckwourth make an effort in that pious direction? Alas, no! but he attempts to justify his Indian conformity by such wretched common-place vulgarity as the following:—

I was fully convinced that by thus countenancing such Pagan superstitions I was doing wrong; but, like many a more prominent statesman in civilised governments, I had found that I must go with the current, and I recommended a measure, not because it was of a nature to benefit the country, but simply because it was popular with the mass.

We cannot follow Mr. Beckwourth in his several steps to the chieftainship of the Crow nation—for that detail we must refer our readers to his own narrative; but we must pause to notice his longings to return home, after passing nearly twenty years as an Indian brave. At length he puts his resolution into execution, and repairs to St. Louis, where the fellow affects to grow sentimental, on discovering that his forsaken Eliza had married—he the husband of eight wives already. We have seen that a trapper's lie introduced Beckwourth into Crow dignities; another trapper's lie restores him for awhile to a community for which we must confess that he was better fitted than for civilised life. Beckwourth shall narrate the business:

About the latter end of March a courier arrived from Fort Cap bringing tidings of a most alarming character. He had come alone through all that vast extent of Indian territory without being molested. It seemed as though a special providence had shielded him. He found me at the theatre, and gave me a hasty rehearsal of the business. It seems that a party of trappers who had heard of my departure for St. Louis, having fallen in with a number of Crows, had practised upon them in regard to me.

"Your great chief is gone to the white nation," said the trapper spokesman.—"Yes, he has gone to see his friend the great white chief."

"And you will never see him again."—"Yes, he will come back in the season of green grass."

"No, the great white chief has killed him."—"Killed him?"

"Yes."

"What had he done that he should kill him?"—"He was angry because he left the whites and came to live with the Indians—because he fought for them."

It was the greatest wonder in the world that every one of the trapper party did not lose their scalps on the spot. If the Indians had had any prominent leader among them, they infallibly would have been all killed, and have paid the penalty of their mischievous lying. Unfortunately for the Crows, they believe all the words of a white man, thinking that his tongue is always straight. These trappers, by their idle invention, had jeopardised the lives of all the white men in the mountains.

To abridge the matter, Beckwourth hurries from St. Louis to the Crow country, his journey occupying fifty-three days, and arrives in time to prevent a wide-spread massacre of all the whites, on which the indignant Crows had resolved. His return was greeted by the Crows far more warmly than he deserved, and is marked by a romantic incident, which redounds

little to the credit of Beckwourth, or, more truly to speak, stamps the utter baseness, heartlessness, and ingratitude of the renegade Virginian.

There was among the Crows a fine young woman named Pine Leaf, who, having lost a brother, devotes herself to a life of vengeance. She accompanies the war parties, armed with lance and rifle, mounted on a warhorse, and deals deadly destruction in every engagement, fighting mostly alongside of Beckwourth, who, *suo more*, presently casts amorous glances upon the young Amazon, and offers her his hand. She very properly tells him that he has too many wives already, but evasively promises to marry him when the pine-leaves turn yellow, which is equivalent to our old-fashioned phrase "to-morrow come never." It is impossible to read the episode of Pine Leaf, even in the coarse cold narrative of Beckwourth, without feeling an interest in her, and also how much too good she was for such a ruffian. Upon his return, under the circumstances above alluded to rather than described, poor confiding generous Pine Leaf thus addresses her countrymen, raging with mad excitement:

"Warriors! I am now about to make a great sacrifice for my people. For many winters I have been in the war-path with you. I shall tread that path no more. You have now to fight the enemy without me. When I laid down my needle and my beads, and took up the battle-axe and the lance, my arm was weak; but few winters had passed over my head. My brother had been killed by the enemy, and was gone to the hunting-ground of the Great Spirit. I saw him in my dreams. He would beckon his sister to come to him. It was my heart's desire to go to him; but I wished first to become a warrior, that I might avenge his death upon his foes before I went away. I have accomplished the task I set before me. Henceforward I leave the war-paths of my people. I have fought my last battle and hurled my last lance: I am a warrior no more. To-day the Medicine Calf (Beckwourth's highest Crow title) has returned. He has returned angry at the follies of his people, and they fear that he will again leave them. They believe that he loves me, and that my devotion to him will attach him to the nation. I therefore bestow myself upon him; perhaps he will be contented with me, and will leave us no more. Warriors, farewell!"

The selfish scoundrel accepts the sacrifice thus hesitatingly made, although he had determined to take his final departure at the earliest opportunity, and when he sets off he leaves poor Pine Leaf with a lie in his perjured mouth. "Pine Leaf inquired if I would certainly come back. I assured her that if life was preserved me I would. I had been married but five weeks when I left, and have never seen her since."

We have read as the characteristic of a "fair young knight" that "he loves and he rides away;" but a more unamiable hero than James P. Beckwourth we never encountered, and whether he finally falls beneath a Californian gambler's bowie-knife or the paw of a grisly bear, we shall shed no sympathising tear.

**CURIOUS NAMES IN AMERICA.**—What queer names some unfortunate mortals are blessed with! We heard of a family in Detroit whose sons were named One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and whose daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, &c. The three elder children of a family near home were named Joseph, And, Another; and it has been supposed that, should they have any more, they might have named them Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. Another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it was their last; but they happened afterwards to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement.—*American paper.*

**AN INCH OF RAIN ON THE ATLANTIC.**—We have been struck with that passage of Lieutenant Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea* in which he computes the effect of a single inch of rain falling upon the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic includes an area of 25,000,000 square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall upon only one-fifth of this vast expanse. "It would weigh," says our author, "350,000,000,000 tons: and the salt which, as water, it held in solution in the sea, and which, when the water was taken up as vapour, was left behind to disturb equilibrium, weighed 16,000,000 more tons, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a cargo each. It might fall in a day; but, occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. All the water discharged by the Mississippi river during the year were taken up in one mighty measure, and cast into the ocean as an effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea than the fall of rain supposed. And yet so gentle are the operations of nature that movements so vast are unperceived."—*Scientific American.*



## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

## THE FORTNIGHT.

Is the transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society lately published, a paper was given by the Rev. C. Pritchard, "On the Conjunctions of the Planets Jupiter and Saturn in the years B.C. 7 and 66 and A.D. 54," bearing upon the theological question, the appearance of the "star in the East." Dr. Ideler, and others with him, in endeavouring to establish the date of the true *Annus Domini*, have stated that "certain conjunctions of the planets Jupiter and Saturn wholly fulfil the conditions and phenomena recorded of the star of the Magi." They asserted that of three conjunctions which occurred in the year B.C. 7, the first was of a sufficient nature to arouse the attention of the Magi, and send them on their errand to Jerusalem; and that the last was so close that the discs of the two planets might appear diffused in one, and would, moreover, satisfy the condition of being in a proper position at sunset to conduct the Magi from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. In order to ascertain the accuracy of these statements Mr. Pritchard undertook the computation of the geocentric places of the two planets for the year B.C. 7, so far as any possible conjunctions were concurrent. "The result is, that as regards the fact of there having been three conjunctions during the year, Dr. Ideler's statement is confirmed; but the dates assigned to these conjunctions are not correct, and still less is it true that any such proximity occurred as to make it possible that the planets could, to any observer, have presented the appearance of a single star." Mr. Pritchard also computed other two ancient conjunctions. The distance between the two planets in the year B.C. 66 was found to be only 53'. And with respect to the conjunction of A.D. 54 the planets were too near the sun to be visible. These calculations were confirmed by others executed independently at the Royal Observatory, by the instructions of the Astronomer-Royal.

Professor Plazzi Smyth, in a paper "On the Constancy of Solar Radiation," gave the result of a discussion of a series of earth-thermometer observations carried on at the Observatory at Edinburgh, during the period comprised between 1838 and 1854. The thermometers were observed once a week. Their bulbs filled with alcohol, were buried on the porphyry rock of the Calton Hill at the several depths of 3, 6, 12, and 24 French feet, the tubes being long enough to rise to the surface of the ground, where their scales were placed, and might be read off to '01 of a degree of Fahrenheit. The excellence and completeness of the burial of each bulb is vouched for by the length of time which the wave of summer heat is found to occupy in reaching each bulb in succession, according to the depth. Thus, a 3-feet thermometer has its maximum in August, 6 feet in September, 12 feet in October, and 24 feet in December. Again, from the annual range increasing with the depth, the annual range of the 3-feet thermometer being 15°, 6 feet 9°·8, 12 feet 4°·6, 24 feet 1°·2. The following is the mean result for each thermometer during the whole period:—3 feet thermometer 46°·27, 6 feet 46°·55, 12 feet 46°·94, 24 feet 47°·24. These results pointed to a heated terrestrial centre even by approaching so small a space as three feet, indicating on the whole an increase of 1° Fahrenheit for 21 feet of difference of depth.

At a former meeting of the British Association, Professor Wheatstone invited attention to some remarkable phenomena of vision with two eyes, of which the stereoscope was the illustration. Mr. G. Maynard, of Toronto, Upper Canada, in a recent publication, claims to have called attention to the subject long before. Without entering into any discussion on this question of precedence, we need here only point to some of the results that have been struck out from the inquiry. Previous to this time the structure and functions of the eye were treated as presenting only single vision, when, in fact, there is the remarkable provision of two stations, two points of sight—in fact, two eyes; so that, with the exception of one single point in the whole field of vision, we do actually see every other point in duplicate, double fold; the intention of Nature in thus adjusting the organs of nature being to furnish "depth sight," or, in other words, "distance in a direct line"—an apparatus involving principles precisely analogous to those employed by astronomers in determining by parallax the relative position of the heavenly bodies." This appreciation of depth, arising out of the binary conformation of the ocular apparatus, is the cause of multifarious results, of which we can here only indicate the most obvious and familiar. No one image, picture, or representation can possibly produce the effect of nature, in all such cases a sense of depth or relief being wanting; of this the stereoscope, which would be more properly called the Bathoscope, is the illustration. Individuals whose eyes are separated by a comparatively large interval have an

increased power of appreciating perspective, and would, *ceteris paribus*, excel as draughtsmen. Such individuals would experience unusual difficulty in threading a needle with one eye closed. The sportsman, in taking aim, closes one eye to produce apparent coincidence between the gun-sight and the object by annihilation of the sense of interval; a hunter with one eye is liable to break his own and his rider's neck; a printer or compositor with one eye is a type of incapacity; painters, in disposing of near objects, judiciously avoid extreme distinctness of outline, and introduce a haziness in the external parts or edges of these portions of their pictures. With reference to this subject, a correspondent of the *Builder* observes that "the vivid reality of the effect of stereoscopic pictures can be readily attained without any stereoscope at all, or any other substitute for it but the eyes themselves." Accidentally looking at some double photographs prepared for the stereoscope, and almost involuntarily "crossing" the eyes slightly, the two images all of a sudden coalesced, and the life-like stereoscopic picture stood forth between its two supporters. There may be a difficulty at first in acquiring the habit of throwing the eyes into the right focus; but by simply placing the double picture at a little distance before the face, and applying a large card or other flat thin substance on edge between the two, so as to intercept the light in its progress to either picture, and then bringing the opposite edge in contact with the face between the two eyes, so that each eye can only see its own side, the two will probably coalesce, and exhibit but one, the stereoscopic picture; the card may then be gently withdrawn, and the single picture will still remain. It would thus appear that, with a little practice, this beautiful phenomenon may be produced without the incumbrance of the stereoscope.

The following is the result of some investigations made by Mr. Fingelley on the geology of the south-western coast of Devonshire, communicated to the Royal Geographical Society of Cornwall. The search had extended from Mount Batten, near Plymouth, to the Bolt Tail. The rocks of the district are mainly clay-slates of various colours, green prevailing in some parts and drab and blue elsewhere. Fossil crinoids and corals, generally much broken, are more or less abundant in some parts, while in others no fossils have been found. The "Polerra sponges, formerly known as Cornish Ichthyolites," do not appear in the district, though nothing in the character of the rocks would render their presence improbable. Structureless black patches, such as not unfrequently accompany them in Cornwall, are abundant. Throughout the area, the rocks dip at a high angle; the direction and amount of the dip is everywhere tolerably constant. In the south-western part of the district the rocks are much contorted and folded; but elsewhere there are very few indications of violent action. Slaty conglomerates, and, with one exception, fossil ripple, are confined to the south-west, indicating shallow water, and probably dry land, in that direction, possibly an eastward extension of the Cornish Cambrian rocks of Professor Sedgwick. The slaty conglomerates do not appear to contain fragments of metamorphic rocks; hence it may be doubted whether the metamorphic series of the Bolt is of pre-Devonian age; and this doubt is strengthened by the absence of Devonian conglomerates in the eastern parts of the district. Indications of metamorphism occur in the clay slates some distance west of the Bolt series, and suggest the idea that this series is but an altered form of the Devonian rocks. Unless the non-fossiliferous rocks from near Boviand to the Erme, are taken as representing Professor Sedgwick's Dartmouth rocks, this group does not appear to exist in the district under consideration—that is, if it is, as the Professor supposes, non-fossiliferous. The Triassic conglomerate of Thurlstone contains few or no fragments of the adjacent clay slates, but mainly consists of metamorphic pebbles, evidently derived from the more distant Bolt series. Hence it seems probable that this series originally extended further west than at present.

At the Chemical Society, Dr. Odling, the Honorary Secretary, read a paper on the reciprocal precipitations of the metals, and showed that as a general rule, if the metal A can precipitate the metal B from its solutions, the metal B can also precipitate the metal A from its solutions. This result was referred principally to a tendency which the two metals have to combine with each other, so as to produce an alloy.

The East India Company has lately published a report on the iron ores of India. It would appear from this that iron exists in abundance in many parts. The attention of the Court of Directors was first called to the subject in consequence of the introduction of railways into India; and a sample of iron ore from Salem, on the Madras side, might have been since seen at the Exhibition of 1851. Some of these iron districts have been explored, with varying results. The Nerbudda Valley has been surveyed both

by Mr. Jacobs and Professor Oldham. Mr. Jacobs, the assistant-surveyor of the Bombay and Baroda Railway Company states that the supply here is inexhaustible. The river Nerbudda cuts through four great veins in the space of one mile in the vicinity of Poonassa and Chandgur, one of them having a breadth of 122 feet, the veins running almost vertically into the bank. Iron ore is found in this district in two forms: first, as a gravel or detritus of partially decomposed hematite iron, and secondly, as a distinct bed or vein of similar iron in a solid and undecomposed state. This ore is stated to be of surpassing richness, yielding 63·4 per cent. of metal, whilst the theoretically pure ore yields only 69·34 per cent.; and, moreover, the district abounds with timber, which could easily be converted into charcoal, and there is easy communication with the coal districts of Hosungabad and Nursingpore. Professor Oldham, the Geological Surveyor, differs in opinion on many points, without, however, disputing the point of the existence of the ore in abundance. For the present, therefore, the Nerbudda Valley stands in abeyance on the question. The existence of iron ore has long been known in the Kumaon district of Bengal to the north of Delhi, at the foot of the Himalaya range. At Dechourie a rich iron has been discovered associated with clay, lying not only in large masses on the surface, but the beds are also extensively exposed by deep ravines. In one part the solid bed is exposed to a varying depth of 24, 30, and even 50 feet. Taking an easterly direction from Dechourie, the route, for sixty miles, is rich in iron ore, of a thickness varying from 20 to 25 feet. Huge blocks of solid iron-stone are lying about, measuring about 10 feet in length, 6 in breadth, and 4 in thickness, each of which, if smelted, would yield about 3 tons of pig iron. There are facilities for working and for transport. There is a good road from Dechourie to Moradabad, and from this point the river Rhamgunjee is navigable nearly all the year round. Three analyses of these clay iron ores give the following results: The analysis by Dr. Macnamara produced a per-centage of metal varying from 46·9 to 66·3; the assay made by Mr. Piddington, 47·60 to 50·96; and trial assays by Mr. Davies, the smelter, 37½ to 42½. Good grey cinder, very easy to smelt.

The telegraph line that is to unite England with America is being laid down—fourteen hundred miles of the difficulty have been achieved; but we must confess that we do not entertain any great hopes of success across the ocean as the line is at present made. The repeated failures of the shorter distances from Varna to Balaklava, and from Sardinia to the African coast, point to some radical defect of construction. In the number for November 15, 1855, a description is given of a wire invented by Mr. Allan, C.E.; and we entertain still the opinion there expressed that the plan of a central wire, round which others may be wound, is the only one that will stand the test of strength.—An expedition has been sent out, under the sanction of the Viceroy of Egypt, to discover the sources of the Nile. The expedition has ere this commenced its journey by the ascent of the river itself; its return cannot be expected before two years.—At the opening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the following motion was unanimously carried:—"That, on the occasion of the arrival in this country of the eminent Arctic explorer Dr. Kane, of the United States, who, attempting under the auspices of Messrs. Grinnell and Peabody to rescue Franklin, has made important additions to geographical knowledge, received the "gold medal" of the Society—Resolved that the President do communicate, on the part of the members, the expression of their sincere regret upon hearing that this distinguished man should have been prevented by ill health from appearing at the meeting to receive the unanimous and hearty welcome which awaited him."

## QUERIES AND NOTES.

THE CHESHIRE MAN AND THE SPANIARD.—The valuable information elicited by "J. L.'s" query as to "George Ridler's Oven" has suggested to me that the new department of THE CRITIC may be made the means of collecting a great deal of curious information respecting curious old songs and ballads, especially such as are confined to special localities. There is such an old ballad known in Cheshire by the name of "The Cheshire Man and the Spaniard," which for quaintness and humour cannot easily be surpassed. I shall be glad if any of your correspondents can furnish me with the history of this ballad, and especially with the name of its author. The words of the ballad are pretty much as follows:—

A Cheshire man set sail for Spain  
To deal in merchandise,  
And soon as he arrived there  
A Spaniard he espies;

"He said: 'You English dog, look here!  
Rich fruits, rich fruits and spice you'll find,  
Our land produces twice a year;  
Thou'st no such fruits in thine.'"

II.  
The Cheshire man went to the hold  
And brought up a Cheshire cheese;  
Said he: "You Spanish dog, behold!  
Thou'st no such fruits as these.  
Your land produces twice a year  
Rich fruits, rich fruits and spice, you say;  
But such as now my hands do bear  
Our lands give twice a day."

R. E.

Cologne, Jan 5.

The model of a large equestrian statue of Charlemagne has been finished by Isothe, who is now employed on the pedestal. It is destined for the centre of the St. Lambert's-place, in Liège, and is in so far curious that its authenticity is vouched as being formed after a cast of a figure of the same Emperor in gilt bronze, which was given to the cathedral of Metz by his son, Carolus Calvus, Charles the Bald. This statue was a principal treasure of the town and metropolitan seat of Mainz till the Revolution, when it was stolen from the treasury of the church: report says it passed afterwards, by purchase, into the possession of a rich Englishman, and some of the Continental readers of the "Notes" in THE CRITIC wish to inquire if its present location in this country can be ascertained, and casts of it obtained. It is supposed to be the only authentic representation of the great Emperor, and the earliest bronze casting in Germany.

W. G. F. D.

G. RIDLER'S OVEN.—The curious exposition of this song, otherwise so obscure, in the Notes of the CRITIC of the 1st Nov. is a proof both of the excellence of such a mode of eliciting knowledge and of the unexpected ramifications to which the practice may lead. The secret history of the restoration of Charles II. yet remains to be written, as beneath the surface of facts detailed in Rapin, Hume, &c., some deeper causes will have to be exhumed for the sudden change of the opinions and movements of the nation in the few months succeeding the death of Cromwell. Various private societies must have been long at work to overturn the usurpation, as this song, the covert creed of Gloucestershire, proves for the West, which must shortly have brought in the legitimate monarch even if Cromwell's opportune death had not made the work of the loyalists the more easy. For it was not the only one; another existed more efficient in the metropolis, which so cleverly covered its proceedings, grafting them, and their modes of recognition, signs, &c., on an ancient confraternity, that not only did they then escape suspicion, but their institution exists at the present day, and its filials are now spread over the greatest portion of the habitable globe. This institution was "Speculative Freemasonry."

The Royal Society was first founded in 1645, numbering amongst its members John Wallis, John Wilkins, Jonathan Goddard, &c. There was, however, about the same period another society formed, which for various reasons differed from the principles of the former one, and consisting principally of men who thought to arrive at the *summum bonum*, the true verity, and the secrets of nature easier and surer by the study of astrology, alchemy, &c.; and amongst these we find the names of Elias Ashmole, William Lilly (Butler's Sidrophel), Drs. Wharton and Hewson, with others, who had some secret meetings at Warrington before the society was finally settled in London. To cover their secret and mysterious meetings, and to avoid the suspicions of the usurper, they got admitted in London into the Mason's Guild, and held their meetings at the Mason's Hall, in Masons' Alley, in Basinghall-street, and consequently, as freemen of London, they could take the name of "Freemasons," and thereby distinguish themselves from the operatives. This would account for the reception of the principal mason's tools for their symbols, the square, the level, and the compass—at the same time that these signs are so interwoven with our best modes of thought and expression that when we speak of acting on the square, keeping to the level, or walking within compass, we are scarcely cognisant of metaphorical abstraction; and this may account for their general reception. But though both the Royal Society and this of Mason's Hall had similar masonic purposes, the latter soon took another and political direction, if not intended from its commencement. From Ashmole's diary, and many other channels of history, we know that its members were strongly opposed to the dominant Puritan principles, and in favour of the royal cause; that their meetings, ostensibly for scientific investigation, were taken to cloak their secret political endeavours in favour of royalty, and after the execution of Charles I. to bring about the restoration of his son.

It is said that even Monk became initiated, and a freemason—a circumstance which would account for much hitherto inexplicable in his conduct. Even at a later period the order was endeavoured to be used as a political engine, and again in favour of the Stuarts, when more righteously expelled the realm. The two Pretenders, son and grandson of James II., are well known to have been great

favourers of the order, partly from gratitude for its exertions in favour of their uncle Charles II., partly from hopes of equal benefit to themselves; and their great partisan, Chevalier Ramsay, it was who first extended the ritual from the three authentic degrees to all the wildness and exuberance of Scottish masonry, giving them a home and a locality where the firmest hopes of the exiled family rested. His hopes, however, to arouse again the members of the fraternity to action for his patrons, were luckily frustrated, both by their own frailties and the satisfaction of the nation in the change of dynasty, after the experience of a quarter of a century. And the order has ever since maintained the most devoted loyalty to the family it then refused to relinquish.

In conclusion, an old Masonic charge, in the Birch and Sloane MSS. of the British Museum, may be stated in corroboration of the above views.

ANGLO-GERMANICUS.

[We regret that we cannot give insertion to the whole of our correspondent's communication. It is, no doubt, highly interesting; but, as it seemed to us to deal too freely with topics which the highly respectable body of Freemasons prefers to keep secret, we have thought it best to strike out all direct allusion to such topics. That which remains appears to us, however, to be highly interesting, as tending to show that the institution of Masonry has been used for political purposes.—ED.]

THE PROPOSED EDITION OF HANDEL'S WORKS AT LEIPSIG.—A new and complete edition of the works of Handel is announced for publication in Germany. The prospectus, dated the 15th of August 1856, is signed by the members of a committee constituted for that purpose, under the protection of the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, himself an amateur composer. The names included in the list belong to Leipzig, Berlin, Stuttgart, Vienna, Halle, Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Hamburg, Munich, Cologne, Bonn, Prague, Mannheim, Weimar, Darmstadt, Königsberg, Breslau, Frankfurt, Bremen, and Hanover—from which it is clear that the promoters of the enterprise have had the excellent idea of making it a national German work; for all the great towns of the Germanic Confederation are represented there, and we remark names of celebrity, such as MM. Meyerbeer, Ferdinand Heller, Liszt, Moscheles, Gervinus, Marx, &c.

In 1859 (the hundredth anniversary of Handel's death) it is intended to inaugurate a statue to the great composer in Halle, his native town, and this has given to the subscribers of the prospectus the idea of erecting to him a second monument, by publishing his works "in a complete and correct manner," and they undertake to do everything in their power in order to attain that end. Surely there can be no friend of the arts who does not sympathise with such a project; but I am compelled to state that this Leipzig committee does not seem to have a very exact notion of the greatness of the task which it has in contemplation. It is but too true (as they state in their programme) that all which Handel wrote is not precisely known, and their programme is the best proof of this. They announce that the collection will be separated into three divisions: twenty volumes of operas, twenty volumes of oratorios, and twelve volumes of instrumental and vocal music. Therefore they expect to compress the whole of the works of Handel, "in score, with pianoforte accompaniments, the English or Italian text, with a German translation and biographical notices," into fifty-two volumes. Everybody knows that an opera, or an oratorio, in score, is quite enough for one volume; but there exist among the works of Handel two Italian, one German, and nineteen English oratorios, and thirty-nine Italian operas! Already we have sufficient to fill the fifty-two projected volumes. Many oratorios cannot even be contained in one volume. The Handel Society of London was obliged to employ two volumes for the "Messiah" and two for "Belshazzar." Besides all these, there remain two Italian and two English Serenatas, four Odes (each requiring a volume), twenty Anthems, five *Te Deums* for a full orchestra, twenty-four *Duos de Chambre*, one hundred and fifty Cantatas (eight of which are as lengthy as the odes), the whole of the instrumental music, and a great quantity of detached sacred music! Arnold's edition, which is in 42 volumes, contains neither the German oratorio, the "Passion," nor the "Trionfo del Tempo," one of the Italian oratorios, nor the two Italian Serenatas "Parnasso in Festa" and "Aci," nor the detached sacred music; it only contains sixteen cantatas, twelve *duos de chambre*, and of thirty-nine operas it gives only four. I have no hesitation in declaring that England possesses perfectly authentic music of Handel, all entirely worthy of him, sufficient to fill eighty volumes. But from certain lines in the prospectus we entertain a hope that even more might be accomplished. "The edition of Arnold," we are told, "the most complete which has yet been made, is very insufficient. The early compositions of Hamburg and of Halle are not included in it." It is satisfactory to hear this, for we conclude from it that the Handelian Committee at Leipzig possesses the works of Hamburg and of Halle. It is known that the author of "Israel in Egypt," who left his native town at eighteen years of age, left nothing there; and the four German operas which he

produced at Hamburg, "Almira," "Nero," "Daphne," and "Florinda," the only ones mentioned by Mattheson his biographer, are lost. It is said in the "Memoirs of the Life of Handel" published in 1760 that he abandoned at Hamburg two boxes filled with productions. Have those precious relics been recovered? The expressions which we have quoted lead us to expect as much. If so, it would be good news, and it is to be desired that the prospectus should have been a little more explicit upon that point.

In the mean time, it appears to me that the promoters of the complete German edition make a great mistake if they suppose that they can produce it in their own country. They can only succeed by transporting the seat of their operations to London, to the theatre of the labours and of the glory of the great "monarch of the Musical Empire" (as said the sublime Beethoven); there alone can they consult the original manuscripts; there only can they examine the collections made by Smith, Handel's secretary, which include many things quite unedited hitherto, and which are of undoubted authenticity, although the manuscripts are in some cases no longer to be found. Handel was not only a composer, like the great Bach; he was his own *impressario*. He struggled with all his might against his century, as yet but little enlightened upon musical matters. In order to attract, he was compelled to satisfy that insatiable appetite for change which is the characteristic of ignorance. He was continually altering his works, and by these collections only is it possible to ascertain the variations, to compare the texts, to correct the inaccuracies, and to supply the omissions of Arnold; and finally, to rectify the numerous errors which exist as to the chronology of the Master's productions. However defective the editions of Walsh, the contemporary editor, may be, we may meet here and there with pieces improvised at the rehearsals which are not to be found elsewhere. It will be necessary to examine the publications of that editor, some of which are *rarissimi*, and even the British Museum does not possess the half of them, nor are they and the copies made by Smith to be found anywhere but in the collections of amateurs. Now, although the possessors of these treasures will doubtless be willing to throw them open to the delegates of the Handelian Committee of Leipzig, it cannot reasonably be expected that they will expose them to the chances of a distant journey. In a word, London is the spring, and it is there that they must come if they wish to profit by all that the English have already done to enlighten the approaches.

The German enterprise has of course my warmest sympathies, and the above observations are not by any means intended to discourage its promoters, but only to point out to them difficulties which, after all, are happily not insurmountable. It is because the German prospectus has a serious character that I treat it seriously. The complete publication of the works of Handel is a homage due to his genius; it is also a service rendered to the history of the arts. If in the land where, according to the fine expression used by the prospectus, "he has created for music a new country," the public was not sufficient to support the undertaking, why not, as France did with the works of Laplace, have published them at the national expense? But since England has not done this it is a satisfaction that the Germans, with their persevering enthusiasm and industrious habits, should have undertaken the noble task which it is now within their power to fulfil.

VICTOR SCHOELCHER.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

## TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

An exhibition of pictures has been held at the Athenæum of Plymouth, at which the number of works of Art have been upwards of three hundred.—Mr. E. M. Ward has returned from Paris with a portfolio of sketches for the great picture of Victoria at the tomb of Napoleon—commissioned by the Queen. The Emperor and Empress are to give the artist sittings in December.—Prof. Drake, the Berlin sculptor, has invented a process to protect marble against all damaging influence of the weather. A liquid is employed which the marble imbibes without hurt to its appearance. The process has been successful in several trials, but is kept hitherto a secret by its inventor.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

## NEW MUSIC.

Oh, bring me my sickle and I will away: Pastoral ballad. Written by GEO. H. LOVELL. Music composed by LOVELL PHILLIPS, R. A. Music. London: Letchford, Soho-square.

It is difficult to write a good ballad, although "every year and month sends forth a new one." The difficulty lies not so much in the mere getting through so many bars of music as many imagine, but in the individual's power of musical expression. Music has its rules, which must not be deviated from; but it is

not the musician they call We do not Phillips trary, he siderable to point required has here subject warm commun

I dream Happy m Fear no permiss The poet compo Memb London

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not the attention to rule that strikes out the real musician: hence it is that while so many write what they call music, so few write what is called music. We do not make these remarks, meaning to class Mr. Phillips among those who cannot write—on the contrary, he has shown long ago that he possesses considerable powers of musical expression—but in order to point out that even in a ballad something more is required than mere facility of writing. Mr. Phillips has here produced a very pleasing air, simple as the subject requires, yet graceful. We cannot doubt its warm acceptance with the ballad-loving portion of the community.

*I dreamt last night of thee, love.*

*Happy moments quickly pass.*

*Fear not, Britannia's honour's safe.* Dedicated by permission to Sir Charles Napier.

The poetry written by G. H. LOVELL. The music composed by HARRY DEVAL, R.A. Music, and Member of the Royal Conservatoire, Brussels. London: Letchford.

THERE is much that is pleasing in the music of the first ballad, but we cannot overlook the fact that it is written throughout far too high; the voice is kept constantly on its extreme part, which is a drawback always, but especially to the ballad class of music. A flat is beyond the reach of ordinary singers, yet our composer takes the voice to a natural, and, we suppose, expects people to sing it.

In the second, the fault above alluded to has been avoided, but here we find too much chromatic writing for a ballad; and we must protest against being twisted about between sharps and flats. An occasional modulation is pleasing when made judiciously, but the composer has in this instance been somewhat too lavish of these chromatic insertions.

The third is written also somewhat like the first with reference to pitch, although not to the previous excess. Mr. Deval shows that he has some pleasing powers of musical expression, and proves himself also to be a good musician, but we wish to caution him against those rocks which will always prevent his music from being popular.

Mr. Lovell possesses some pretty notions of versification; the lines run smooth, and the sentiments are occasionally very prettily expressed: we would, however, advise Mr Lovell to keep to this earth. "The balmy bliss" spoken of may possibly be "more sweet than angel's kiss," but we have no experience of the latter, and must therefore decline entering into the heights of the comparison.

*The Little Gipsy Girl: Ballad.* Written by HENRY P. NORVA. Composed by FRANK B. TUSSAUD. London: F. Moutrie, Baker-street.

THE air of this ballad is not strikingly beautiful, nor can it lay any especial claim to originality. It is, however, pretty, and, among the host of ballads that make their appearance annually, this recommendation will perhaps be sufficient to insure its introduction as an agreeable addition to any evening amusement. The words are unfortunately neither euphonious nor poetical, *exempli gratia*—

If she will ever wedded be,  
And then will ask whom to?

—the "to" being a rhyme for true, the sense being just what anybody can make of it.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

Miss GLYN having recovered from her indisposition, has resumed her performances at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed have recommenced their entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration after an extensive tour in the provinces, during which they have given it with unbounded success.—The subject of a great musical celebration of the centenary of Handel's death, in 1859, has already occupied considerable attention. In order to demonstrate the capabilities of the Crystal Palace for this purpose, arrangements have been concluded between the Sacred Harmonic Society and the directory of the Crystal Palace Company for undertaking, in May next, in the central transept, a preliminary Grand Handel Festival or Congress, with a carefully selected orchestra of the unprecedented extent of 2300 performers.—It has been already stated that some differences of opinion have prevailed between the Earl of Albemarle and the committee for conducting the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival. These difficulties have been happily arranged, and the noble lord has consented to accept the office of chairman of the committee, which was offered to him some time since.—Mlle. Ristori appeared at the theatre at Warsaw on the 7th in "Marie Stuart." She fully sustained the reputation which had preceded her. It is mentioned in a letter from the city that she is to receive 30,000 florins for six representations.

#### LITERARY NEWS.

A new volume of Poems, by Dr. Mackay, with the title, "Under Green Leaves," is in the press.—The

fifth number of a Bohemian translation of the dramatic works of Shakspeare, published at the expense of the Royal Museum of Bohemia, has just left the press. It contains "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and Herr F. Maly is said to have acquitted himself of the task of translating with considerable talent.

—A complete edition of the works of Frederick the Great will shortly be published in Berlin, in thirty-two volumes.—A new tale by the popular German writer, Auerbach, entitled "The Barefooted," will shortly be published by the Messrs. Cotta.—A work on the "Times of Ladislaus the Fifth of Hungary," by Francis Palazky, the Bohemian historian, has lately appeared.—Some works in manuscript, by Guicciardini, have lately been discovered, including a Discourse on the Republic of Florence and on the Government of the Medicis, and Considerations on Machiavel's work on Livy's Decades: it is intended to publish these.—At the late sale by Messrs. Lewis of the seventh portion of Mr. Pickering's stock, amongst the prices obtained for copyright were the following:—George Herbert's Works, with Coleridge's Notes, 2 vols. 61s.; Montagu's edition of Bacon, 17 vols., with 9 copperplates, 10s.; Lowndes's "Bibliographer's Manual, 28s.; Dyce's edition of Peile, Greene, Webster, and Marlowe, 115s.; Taylor's "Physical Theory of Another Life," 51s. 19s.; Holbein's "Bible Illustrations and Dance of Death, 2 vols., with the woodcuts, 68s.; one half share of Milton's Works, by Mitford, 24s.; the stereo plates and portraits of Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," 2 vols. 9s. 9d.

Mr. Thackeray's lectures (says the *Scotsman*) are so extremely popular—save, perhaps, with fanatical lovers of Queen Mary—that he has been induced to enter into arrangements for the re-delivery of the whole series of the Four Georges. They are to be repeated in the Queen-street Hall on the evenings of the 20th, 22nd, 24th, and 27th inst., under arrangements which will render them accessible to a very wide circle. We observe that the *Fife Herald* says it is not improbable that Mr. Thackeray may visit Cupar, and there give one of his lectures on the Four Georges. We believe Mr. Thackeray has also consented to give one of them in Dumfries.—The plain monumental structure over the vault of the Rogers family in Hornsey churchyard has only lately received an addition to its mortuary inscriptions which will be regarded with some interest. It records the date of birth and death of the poet, adding that he was "author of the *Pleasures of Memory*," but not specifying to what class of literature the work belongs.

The following are the inscriptions on the face of the tomb:—"In this vault lie the remains of Henry Rogers, Esq., of Highbury-terrace, died December 25, 1832, aged 58. Also of Sarah Rogers, of the Regent's-park, sister of the above, died January 29, 1855, aged 82. Also of Samuel Rogers, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, brother of the above-named Henry and Sarah Rogers, born at Newton-green, July 30, 1763, died at St. James's-place, Westminster, December 18, 1855."—The following appeared in the *Caledonian Mercury* of Thursday:—"The Gaelic poems given in for competition at the late Highland gathering in Bonnington-park, having been submitted to competent judges, they have unanimously decided in favour of that sent by Mr. James Munro, schoolmaster, Kilmornivaig, Inverness-shire. The judges were the Rev. Messrs. Masson and Macleachlan, of Edinburgh; Dr. Macgillivray and Mr. Ross of Glasgow; and Mr. Macnab, of Musselburgh; and three of these were of opinion that the poem written by Kenneth Cameron, Edinburgh, was entitled to the second place." Mr. Munro's poem is about to be published by the Highland Society.—The aged mother of Lieut. Waghorn has received an official communication informing her that the Queen has, on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston, granted her a pension of 50l. per annum. This, added to the small annuity from the E. I. Company, and the income she derives from the liberal subscriptions raised amongst the merchants of London, will place this lady, now eighty-three years of age, and her daughter in a position of comfortable independence.—In consequence of a report drawn up by M. Dupin, the French Academy has awarded to M. Le Play, for his elaborate work, "Les Ouvriers Européens," the Montyon Prize for 1855, with an invitation to continue his statistical investigations; and in furtherance of these a special society has been formed, under imperial sanction, of which M. Le Play himself has consented to become the honorary secretary. One of its purposes is to grant pecuniary rewards to persons in France and other countries, who may send in essays on the local condition of the working classes, framed in accordance with the directions contained in the society's statutes. Of these directions copies have been deposited for inspection at the offices of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, and of the Statistical Society, St. James's-square.

Professor Christmas has commenced the winter course of lectures at the Royal Society of Literature, on the Romance of Early British History.—Cheltenham has struck a medal in commemoration of the visit to that town of the learned members of the British Association.—The Society of Arts commences its 103rd Session on the 19th inst., when Col. W. H. Sykes, chairman of the council, will deliver his introductory address, and afterwards present the medals awarded during the last session.—The new circular

reading-room of the British Museum, which will be the largest in the world, is rapidly approaching completion, more than 200 workmen being daily employed upon it. The decorations are nearly complete, and the appliances for heating and ventilating are in a forward state, so that the public may hope to be admitted beneath the magnificent dome in May or June next.—Propositions will be brought in by the Prussian Government during the approaching session of the Landtag for a reduction of the newspaper-tax, and for a radical reform of the law of patents.—A Toronto correspondent of the *Guardian* states that the Canadian courts of law are about to be resorted to, to try the question of the validity of the copyright of "Dred," which Mrs. H. B. Stowe sold to her English publishers, and which has been reprinted without leave or license by two publishers in Canada, who have sold large editions of it.

#### DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

DRURY LANE.—Reappearance of Mr. C. Mathews.

LYCEUM.—*Fabian*; or, *the Mesalliance*; a melodrama adapted from the French.

ADELPHI.—Reappearance of Mme. Celeste.—*A Border Marriage*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—M. Jullien's Promenade Concerts.

THE ROYAL PLAYS AT WINDSOR.

Drury-Lane has been giving dramatic and operatic performances alternately. Mr. Charles Mathews has returned to his London admirers, apparently not a whit the worse for his temporary retirement from the world. As Marplot in *The Busy-body*, he wins roars of laughter in favour of a very old and nearly worn-out comedy.

Mr. Dillon has had a success at the Lyceum with a strong French melodrama of the Porte St. Martin school, called *Fabian*; or, *the Mesalliance*. The piece has already been made known to an English audience as *Le Docteur Noir*; for it was produced at the St. James's Theatre during the engagement of Lemaitre and Clarisse; at that time it was perfectly successful, and as much may be said of its reproduction in an English dress. The story upon which the piece is founded turns upon the adventures of a Creole physician named Fabian, a slave, who marries Pauline, a maiden of noble birth. Her relatives remove her from the Isle of Bourbon to France to escape the contamination of the mesalliance. Fabian follows her, and is cast into the Bastille. The revolution comes, and Fabian is released, a maniac. In this state he meets Pauline, pursued by the revolutionary mob, and, when she appeals to him for protection and conjures him to acknowledge her as his wife, he denies her and receives in his bosom the ball intended for her life. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dillon give great delight to the public in the parts of Fabian and Pauline, and the mounting of the piece is certainly very creditable. A scene in a cave, with the sea rising, and another representing the taking of the Bastille, elicited thunders of applause.

Since our last impression, Madame Celeste has made her reappearance upon the Adelphi stage in her now time-honoured part of Miami, in *The Green Bushes*. The production of a new play called *A Border Marriage* has also been attended with great success. The details of the story are said to be "taken from the French;" but the working out of the plot is undoubtedly English. The incident upon which the story is founded is remarkably simple. Sir Walter Raeburn, a poor cavalier, is about to give a dinner to some friends as needy as himself; and his cook, Dandie, can find no better *pièce de resistance* for the banquet than a peacock belonging to a certain fair neighbour, the Widow Willoughby. The lady is, of course, highly indignant at this unscrupulous breach of law and good manners, and ventures among the roystering cavaliers to complain of her wrongs. Having beard "the Douglas in his hall," of course the warrior is not very willing to let his fair prisoner escape, and, after some amusing equivocation, she can only obtain her liberty by entering into a contract of marriage with Sir Walter Raeburn. At first, this was only intended for a joke; but the dramatist, having got a handsome cavalier and a gay young widow into this sore dilemma, could not be expected to set them free though any other channel than that of serious and legitimate marriage, with which, of course, the story is brought to a felicitous termination. Mr. Wright makes as much as possible of the part of Dandie, and Miss Wyndham both looks and acts the gay widow to perfection. The best feature in the cast of the piece may be found, however, in the fact that it included Mr. Leigh Murray, whose return to the Adelphi stage is a subject of real congratulation. The absence of this excellent light comedian and genuine artist from the London stage is a matter to which I have not unfrequently referred, and I am rejoiced to find that as a subject of complaint it no longer exists.

M. Jullien has opened his series of "Monster Concerts" with as much sounding of trumpets as ever. There is a story told of a certain musical composer, that he complained of the orchestra provided by a frugal management, that he wanted "more clangour;"

but we may be quite sure that even this gentleman would have been satisfied with the noise-producing capabilities of M. Jullien's band. It is larger than ever, and, by consequence, more powerful than ever; and the great maestro leads it with the wonderful style, more wonderful baton, and most wonderful vest, for which he is so justly celebrated. It is to be regretted that the opening nights were characterised by some of those disgraceful scenes of riot which have usually attended those events; but a prompt repression from the police authorities seems to have put an effectual stop to these disgraceful proceedings. By the consent of Mr. Mitchell, the services of Miss Catherine Hayes have been engaged; and, by her charming rendering of such simple ballads as "Coming through the Rye" and "The Harp that once in Tara's Hall," this child of Erin wins applause from the thousands who nightly congregate to M. Jullien's pleasant lounge. The theatre has been admirably decorated for the occasion, and, by a free use of gilding and artificial flowers, is converted into a sort of Arcadian summer-house.

The first of the series of Windsor performances took place on Thursday last. The piece selected was *The School for Scandal*; and the only noticeable fact connected with the occasion is, that with such an actress as Mrs. Stirling yet left upon our stage, court etiquette preferred that little Miss Heath, of the Princess's, should fill that magnificent part. *Infelix puella et impar!* JACQUES.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—I wish to call your attention to what is evidently a misprint in your last number. You speak of the Archdeacon of Westminster establishing a system of book-hawking in this county; it should have been the Archdeacon of Winchester.

To any one acquainted with the subject of your remarks a slight mistake could be of no consequence; but, as there may be some among your very numerous readers who are unacquainted with the matter you speak of, my correction may not be unnecessary.

I think I could vindicate the county of my adoption from the charge alluded to in your article, or, at least, contend that, like the Grecian Bæotia, we have our Pindar. I will not, however, attempt controversy, but briefly add that the Archdeacon of Winchester is not more honourably distinguished for his services to religion and education by his establishment of the book-hawker than for his many great and valuable services to the Church at large. It is to him are owing the Sunday School Conferences, which, to my certain knowledge, have been productive of great good. But I will add no more, lest my letter should appear a mere eulogium on his merits.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER OF SOME STANDING.

The Vicarage, Hartfordbridge, Hants.

### OBITUARY.

CAMINA, LUIGI, the Commendatore, who recently visited this country to superintend architectural decorations at Alnwick and Workworth for the Duke of Northumberland, somewhat suddenly at Florence, on his way to Rome. This veteran architect, the author of numerous elaborately illustrated works on the Vitruvian science of all ages, was especially known to archaeologists as maintaining the old Italian views respecting the topography of Rome in opposition to those of the modern Germans, headed by Chevalier Bunsen and Dr. Emil Braun.

DELABORIE, PAUL, one of the most distinguished of the modern French school of painters, on Tuesday last. Though he has long been suffering, his death seems to have been quite unexpected. During the day he had been conversing with M. Horace Vernet, his father-in-law, with M. Goupil, and with one of his medical attendants. Suddenly, without the slightest movement, without a sigh, he bent his head, and expired. The immediate cause of dissolution was an affection of the heart.

GOSWON, M., of the Observatory of Paris. Although only thirty-three years of age, he was not undistinguished in astronomical science. Amongst other things, he discovered a comet, demonstrated the periodical appearance of Bræsen's comet, assisted in determining the difference of longitude between Paris and Greenwich, &c. He was for some years secretary and assistant to Arago.

### BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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Addison's Sister Kate, fcp. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.  
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